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CHRONICLE.

Politics out of
Parliament.

A DONATION of 100*l.* from Mr. GLADSTONE and another of the same amount from Lord TWEEDMOUTH to the Irish Parliamentary Fund have called out jeers from the Parnellites, grave and (considering the purposes to which these funds have been applied in the past) reasonable disapproval from Unionists, and gratitude of the true Irish kind ("May the saints bless your noble honours, and it's the liberal hand ye have!") from the *Freeman's Journal*. To do the anti-Parnellites justice, however, not all of them took this view; and Mr. HEALY having availed himself of the occasion to be very disagreeable, the quarrel between him and Mr. DILLON broke out again. The affair, indeed, has been as a whole one of the most delightful in recent politics, and a mysterious phrase of Lord TWEEDMOUTH'S, alluding to a certain begging "circular," has excited the Irish mind almost to agony. Whether that once astute Whip has forgotten his cunning in the mephitic atmosphere of the House of Lords, or whether, as some Machiavellians suggest, he thought 100*l.* of his own and as much of Mr. GLADSTONE'S a cheap price for the accomplishment of some hidden object convenient to the Government, it is impossible to say. But all good Unionists must be very much obliged to the pair.

THE Duke of DEVONSHIRE spoke in Derbyshire on Monday, and said that the House of Lords had in its recent action the approval of a majority of the people of Great Britain, which is pretty certainly true. Lord JERSEY followed on much the same lines, though a little more cheerfully, at Bicester next day, and both speeches indicated an effort to equalize taxation all round. Indeed, after the increase of the Death duties on real property, it is difficult to see with what face the excess of taxation on it during the life of the possessor, which used to be defended on the very ground of the lighter succession imposts, can be maintained. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at Liverpool on Wednesday with great force and at considerable length, dwelling especially on the conduct of the Government in at once refusing an appeal to the people, and trying to get up a popular agitation against the House of Lords. Next day Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke again more briefly, at a dinner which was given to him, and discussed the present state of parties.

The Leicester
Election.

THE Mayor of Leicester, in his dilemma as to endorsing the writs, did not adopt the expedient of making a double return, and was probably wise therein. But that which he actually adopted—the arbitrary selection of Mr. BROADHURST to succeed Mr. PICTON, and Mr. HAZELL to succeed Sir JAMES WHITEHEAD—is open to another and obvious objection. How does his Worship know that Mr. BROADHURST'S voters designed him *in petto* (they certainly did not do so on the face of their votes) to succeed Mr. PICTON, and so on in the other case? It was scarcely necessary, though it was not improper, to issue a formal contradiction of the foolish report that the SPEAKER had expressed opinions about the disputed points in this election. The invariable propriety and judgment which Mr. PEEL has shown in nearly the most difficult and delicate post open to any Englishman made such a thing impossible. Mr. HAZELL last week addressed "to the Press" a denial of the report that he had promised to employ no more women as compositors. We regret that we, in common with everybody else, accepted the report. But how exceedingly unfortunate it is that Mr. HAZELL failed to contradict it till *after* the election! And how curious as well as unfortunate!

The Korean
War.

THE vague gossip of last week as to the Korean war hardened, towards the close, into a definite and apparently serious announcement that Port Arthur had been attacked by the Japanese with both sea and land forces. As this attack had been expected for some time, as the place is well fortified and garrisoned, and as the Chinese fleet was reported close at hand, there seemed to be no excuse if a fair and decisive fight were not made. But, according to later news, there had been nothing more than a reconnaissance in force at Port Arthur, while the two fleets were still prudently keeping the length of the Yellow Sea between them.

Slavery in
Egypt.

A GOOD deal of feeling appears to have been excited in Egypt by the prosecutions for buying slave-girls, which, considering the well-known Mahomedan ideas on the subject, would seem to be a proceeding requiring a good deal of justification. In fact, the early and excessive clamour raised against England on account of it might lead to the suspicion of its being "got up." Despite rumours of interference from high quarters, however, the trials (which were in the odd form of a court-martial) came

off, Italy waiving her right of protecting one of the accused. A Jew broker turned KHEDEVE'S evidence, and a great deal of other testimony was given.

The Dutch in Lombok. By the middle of the week it was reported that the third, or missing, Dutch column in Lombok was either surrounded by, or actually in the hands of, the Malays, and would be held as a hostage. Nor is it impossible that the Dutch, who have these remote seas and islands pretty much to themselves, and therefore are not troubled with considerations of prestige or with fear of interlopers, may let the matter accommodate itself somehow.

General Foreign and Colonial Affairs. THE long-smouldering troubles in Samoa at last brought down decided action on August 10 and following days from H.M.S. *Ouragoa* and a German corvette, both of which vessels bombarded the "rebels" on divers occasions, till King MALIETOA'S ungrateful subjects acknowledged the weight of their arguments. The unhappy Sultan of MOROCCO had been put in a curious difficulty by the absurd Chauvinism of the French. England having selected a Moor to represent her interests at Fez, it at once occurred to our most excellent neighbours that they were being *roulés*, and *trahis*, and so forth, as usual, by the Perfidious One, and they forthwith appointed a French Consul-General in that fanatical city. Other Powers followed suit, or were about to follow, till the luckless SULTAN had to address Spain (his most immediate creditor, and therefore his best friend, of the moment), imploring that this deluge of Consuls might cease, lest it should provoke a rebellion among the turbulent Fezzites. The Porte had or had not lodged a note of protest against the Italian occupation of Kassala. An extraordinary affair was reported from Athens, where certain officers of the Greek army, supported by large detachments of their men in a fashion suggesting the seventeenth century at latest, had elaborately wrecked the office of the newspaper *Acropolis*.

THE long expected delimitation arrangement between China and Burmah was published on Thursday, the most noticeable thing in it being the significant reservation in the concessions to China that that Power is not to hand them over to any other without the consent of England. The first "holiday" of magnitude—one obviously prompted by the removal of troops from Cyprus—appeared to the effect that this island was to be swapped for Crete, a little trifle of twelve millions also changing hands. Crete would not be useless to us; but it is delightful to think of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT asking the House of Commons for twelve millions to buy it with. There had been a good deal of fighting in the Niger regions, between the forces of the Crown and the Company on one side and the natives on the other. But, as careful observers had seen, a report of fighting with the French was erroneous. Not that the usual French officer of the MIZON and MONTEIL stamp is not quite equal to the part; but that none such happens at the present to be, as the Americans would say, "around."

Labour. THE Coal Conciliation Board, yesterday week, adjusted some minor difficulties which had arisen in the construction of the July settlement; and it was said that the strike of the Tyne and Tees moulders, which has lasted six months, was about to cease. A rather ugly spirit showed itself among the Scotch miners, the tendency to resume work being met with violence in several places. The employers were showing no disposition to accept the half-reduction. A partial strike in South Staffordshire against the decisions of the Wages Board was reported early in the week, but it does not seem to have been serious. Towards the end of the week there have been more

disturbances at the Scotch coal-pits; and Mr. BALFOUR, asked whether he would arbitrate, jointly with Mr. ASQUITH (who, by the way, must, we should think, have enough of cabs without coals), has very wisely replied that he should like a unanimous reference, and some pledge for the acceptance of his award.

The Trade-Union Congress. THE Trade-Union Congress met at Norwich on Monday, the chair being taken by Mr. BURNS, as a preliminary to the election as President of Mr. DELVES, of the Norwich Trade Council. A report was read by Mr. FENWICK, deploring the loss of the Miners' Eight Hours Bill (which Mr. FENWICK was prominent in overthrowing), the obstruction in the Commons, the wickedness of the Lords, and so forth. Next day Mr. DELVES delivered his presidential address, of which, perhaps, it is not necessary to say much more than that it has been described, by an organ of the party which is most desperately in need of "Labour support," as "very young." The description need not be contested, unless "very old" be preferred. "Emancipation of Labour" (from the hideous presence of the pay-clerk and the money-bag?) "when the House of Lords is out of the way," and a few other tags, may sample it sufficiently. Then the PICKARD and WOODS party fell upon poor Mr. FENWICK, and worried him for his heresy about compulsory Eight Hours. Indeed, the Eight Hours question, with some little digressions about payment of members, and some Protectionist outcries against giving contracts to foreigners, seems to have occupied the chief attention of the meeting. On Thursday, however, the Congress took a bolder flight, and on the motion of Mr. KEIR HARDIE nationalized not merely land, but "the whole" means of production, distribution, and exchange, whatever that may mean. Mr. KEIR HARDIE has certainly established his claim, whatever philologists may say, to be descended from the celebrated Knight of the Hardy Heart in the old romances. Whether his head is as hard as his heart is hardy may perhaps be doubted. The Congress, however, passed the motion by about three and a half to one. After which we shall, no doubt, be once more treated to eulogies of the sober practical British workman, who is not as these crack-brained Continentals.

Other Congresses. ALTHOUGH Congresses have of late shown a tendency to scatter themselves rather more widely over the late summer and early autumn months than they once did, September is still a central time with them in most parts of the world. A Hygienic Congress has been going on at Buda-Pest, an Orientalist Congress at Paris, a "Catholic Scientific" at Brussels, and a very funny one—an "Inter-Parliamentary" Congress—at the Hague. In Great Britain itself, Librarians have been in council at Belfast, where they received two addresses—both sure beforehand to be good—from Lord DUFFERIN, as President, and Dr. GARNETT, as ex-President.

Accidents. THE week has been a bad one for accidents and their sequels. The suggestion of the foreman of the coroner's jury which sat on the body of Mr. MITCHELL, assistant editor of the great Clarendon Press English Dictionary, to the effect that strangers ought to be warned not to attempt dangerous places, such as the gully of Snowdon, or rather Lliwydd, down which Mr. MITCHELL fell, may seem plausible, but rather ignores the facts. It is perfectly unnecessary to tell any one but a blind man or an idiot that the Pen-y-Gwryd side of Snowdon is dangerous; and the fact of the danger is the attraction to the persons who encounter it. The report of Colonel FORD on the accident to a Trinity House crew while blowing up a wrecked yacht in the Solent disclosed a curiously happy-go-lucky state of things, the operation having been, it would

seem, performed by unqualified persons, against the orders of superiors whose qualification was no better, with materials illegally stored and illegally handled. A very serious boating accident at Morecambe, by which twenty-five lives were lost, was reported on Tuesday, as were forest fires in America, chiefly in Minnesota, on a tremendous scale. The Americans like their accidents big, and do not dislike big talk about them; but deaths by hundreds are not subjects for light treatment, while the picture of roasting trains tearing through the burning forest, if haply they might get clear with their passengers unroasted, was at least grandiose. It was reported on Thursday that fully thirty towns (some of which we should perhaps call villages) had been burnt. Another, and in England a novel, accident happened on Wednesday at Aldershot, where during some experiments in military ballooning a captive balloon was struck and exploded by lightning, three sappers being seriously injured.

Yachting. THE Royal Dart Regatta yesterday week was a scene of bad weather, bad luck, and, apparently, bad temper. The *Vigilant*, reappearing after her long spell of hospital, met the *Satanita* in the big cutter match; but there was next to no wind, and the race was declared void, not having been finished in the allotted eight hours. As this, though sometimes relaxed, is admittedly the rule, and as the same measure was dealt to the purely English fleet of twenties as well as to the American cutter (which was drifting in front of Mr. CLARKE'S boat), one does not exactly see the harm of it. The grievance seems to have lain in the fact that the forties were allowed to decide on the first round, the *Corsair* winning. And even this was imaginary, for it appeared later that it had been done on the joint petition of the owners.

YET another drifting match was afforded by the Start Club Regatta this day week, but here there were finishes, such as they were. The *Satanita* beat the *Vigilant* on the first round, but was afterwards utterly becalmed and gave up. The *Namara* beat the *Corsair* and *Vendetta* in the first-class handicap, while another for smaller and, as we gather from their names, local boats was won by the cutter *Sybil*. The racing twenties floated about for the greater part of the day, the *Inyoni* coming in first.

PLYMOUTH, on Tuesday, saw none of the big yachts, and in the calms which have lately prevailed in the West even the forties could only get once round, the *Carina* winning. The *Creole* was the lucky one in the handicap, and the *Inyoni* once more proved herself certainly the best light-wind twenty. But the event of this day was the final falling through of the Cape May Cup, which, if yachting races were the theme of much betting (fortunately, they are not), would have seen a rare vicissitude of odds. The *Vigilant* had once more had an accident, and that evasive centreboard had gone through the bottom to the bottom in the fatal neighbourhood of the Needles as she sailed back from the Start to Cowes. Mr. GOULD at first announced his intention to fill up the gap with lead, and race anyhow; but afterwards, Mr. JAMESON and Colonel STIRLING having formally inspected the damage, he adopted the wiser plan of withdrawing his challenge.

THE second day's racing at Plymouth had a little, but not very much, better wind, the winners in both the forty and twenty classes being the same.

Cricket. THE cricket of the end of last week included a North and South Match at Scarborough, and the two last county matches, Notts v. Kent and Surrey v. Essex. The last-named was finished on Friday with an easy win for Surrey by an innings and 97. The other and absolutely last county match was drawn on Saturday, as was North v. South.

Mr. RASHLEIGH played extremely well for Kent, and Mr. RANJITSINJHI for the South.

THE first matches in that appendix or *coda* of the cricket season which follows the termination of county cricket were a good deal interfered with by rain on Monday and Wednesday; and though Tuesday was a fine cricket day, neither the York and Lancaster match at Scarborough nor that between East and West at Portsmouth could be finished. Mr. HEWETT batted very finely in both innings of the West.

Racing. THERE was good racing at Derby on Tuesday, and the two chief events, the Champion Breeders' Stakes and the Peveril of the Peak Plate, were well contested. In the former Mr. MCCALMONT'S luck held with Raconteur, who beat Curzon and a field of eight other youngsters very well. The Peveril Plate brought out thirteen, Worcester being a somewhat easy winner from Esmond, while Bolton and Harfleur II. made a dead heat for third. Wednesday again gave two good races. The Breeders' St. Leger Stakes was won by Clwyd, with that cantankerous brute Galloping Dick for second, while Ella Tweed headed a field of sixteen in the Devonshire Nursery. The racing of Thursday needs no special notice; the publication of the weights for the Autumn handicaps yesterday morning was more interesting.

Miscellaneous. THE First of September passed off with magnificent weather in most places, and with accounts chequered, but not, on the whole, unfavourable, of the shooting, which was, however, delayed in some parts by the state of the fields, and interfered with in others by the destructive effect of a wet spring and summer on the coverts.

Obituary. GENERAL BANKS, whose name was very well known during the American Civil War, and not obscure since, was an exceedingly bad general, having, indeed, had no military education, and being simply pitchforked into a major-generalship when the war broke out. But he was an ingenious politician and a man of ability.—Lieutenant HENN, R.N., though he did some exploring work in Africa, was best known as a yachtsman.—Professor VEITCH, of Glasgow, who died this week at Peebles, was considerable both as a philosopher and as what some call a bellettrist. In the former capacity he was a disciple of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, and his chief work centred round that master, whose *Lectures* he helped the late Dean MANSEL to edit. In the latter he was an appreciative and—allowing for a certain mirage of Scottish, and especially Border, patriotism—a good critic; while he could, and did, write verse as well as criticize it.—Mrs. LYNE STEPHENS, who died at over eighty, was recently known as the foundress of the imposing Roman Catholic Church at Cambridge, of which unkind Anglican comment has it that it would contain all the Roman Catholics of all the Eastern Counties several times told, and that the authorities concerned would much rather have had the money to do what they liked with. But, many years ago, Mrs. STEPHENS had quite another kind of celebrity, being none other than that YOLANDE DUVERNAY whose dancing entranced our fathers.—Mrs. WEBSTER was a poetess of much industry, whose work commanded esteem, but perhaps never excited any very great degree of rapture. She had also written novels, and was an accomplished person generally.—Sir EDWARD INGLEDEN was one of the best-known officers of the navy, in which he had served since the days of Acre and earlier, had seen not merely much active service, but some severe Arctic travel, and had distinguished himself by ability and invention in modern naval engineering.—General STONEMAN was a cavalry officer of some brilliancy in the American Civil War.

The Theatre. A PLAY called *The New Woman*, by Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY, was brought out at the Comedy Theatre on this day week. As far as the subject goes, dramatists and novelists are, perhaps, to be thanked for their endeavours, by constant harping on this unlovely kind of female, to sicken the public of her. The treatment appears to be what might be expected of Mr. GRUNDY.—On Thursday night a new Adelphi melodrama, entitled *The Fatal Card*, by Messrs. CHAMBERS and STEPHENSON, was produced with considerable success.

THE FATAL CHEQUES.

IT needed no extraordinary political perspicacity in any reader of Lord TWEEDMOUTH'S recently published letter to Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY to perceive that "some one had blundered." One could hardly say of the writer "not his to make reply," because he certainly seems—even though Mr. MCCARTHY may, as he says, know nothing of it—to have received some communication imperatively requiring an answer. But why, O why refer publicly to this communication as "your circular of the 22nd inst.," and express the hope that "contributions will come in 'freely in response' to it? Very likely the description was a perfectly accurate one; but was there any reason for describing, or even referring to, the document at all? Surely it would have been wiser on Lord TWEEDMOUTH'S part to allow it to be supposed that he and his revered chief had sent their cheques "promiscuously"—had been suddenly and simultaneously assailed with an overmastering desire to subscribe 100*l.* each to the Irish Parliamentary fund, and had there and then subscribed that sum. Or, if it were deemed necessary to advert to any previous "favour" from the leader of that party, it might have been spoken of in such terms as would be applicable to any mere disinterested criticism of the political situation. But a "circular"! And a circular inviting a "response" of the same kind as Lord TWEEDMOUTH'S! And, above and beyond all, a circular soliciting such responses, not from Irishmen, but from Englishmen, and not from mere common unofficial Englishmen, but from an actual Cabinet Minister and a late Premier! This was not so much risking scandal as going far out of the way to pursue it with a positively importunate courtship.

Scandal, indeed, could hardly have been avoided even if the Irish party had been one party and not half a dozen; because even in that case there would have been malicious Unionists to call attention to this compromising correspondence, and to remark on the fact that the Irish had appeared at last to be openly going the round of the English officialdom, even as in the good old days. But to provoke such an observation as that, when, in addition to the malicious Unionist, there was a whole multitude of contending Irish patriots, all dying for an opportunity of making it—this was a "record" performance in maladroitness. It was a mere chance whether the Parnellites or the "Bantry gang" would be the first to seize upon this opportunity; as a matter of fact, the Parnellites won by a short head. Almost before Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY could have had time to realize Lord TWEEDMOUTH'S astonishing indiscretion, a ready arithmetician among the supporters of Mr. REDMOND had divided the amount of the two Gladstonian contributions by the number of patriots who had thus "sowed their country," and had brought out his sarcastic quotient at the magnificent sum of one pound and some odd shillings per patriot. Even KEOGH and SADLEIR fetched a better price, the satirical calculator went on to remark; and,

indeed, if we are to take this unkind view of the transaction, it does seem that Mr. MCCARTHY and his followers have disposed of themselves at rather an "alarming sacrifice." If, however, the Redmondites got home first in this race of hostile criticism, the Bantry gang came in a good second. Mr. MOLLOY promptly wrote and published a letter to "My dear HEALY," asking him in effect what he thought of the business, and Mr. HEALY as promptly and publicly replied in effect, to "My dear MOLLOY," that he thought as badly of it as could be. "The discredit of it does not attach," he added, "to you and me. Every one knows where the responsibility lies, and if they now appeal to Lord ROSEBURY, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, the LORD-LIEUTENANT, Mr. MORLEY, Mr. ASQUITH, and the rest of the Cabinet for funds, I shall only shrug my shoulders and wonder at the moderation which abstains from assessing a levy of 5 per cent. on the salaries of the new revising barristers or clerks of the Crown." And another member of the "gang," Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN, has expressed himself in equally unpleasant terms.

It is a thoroughly delightful "ruction," and we do not think it will be denied by any impartial witness that, so far, the attack has had the best of it. The reply of the *Freeman's Journal* was feeble, and was heavily countered by the *Independent*. It is all very well for the embarrassed McCarthyites to refer to such ancient history as the acceptance of Mr. CECIL RHODES'S subscription by Mr. PARNELL; but that precedent—if in point at all, which we doubt—is "no longer law," or not, at least, such law as an Anti-Parnellite can consider sound. Mr. SEXTON'S latest dictum on the subject is now the only authoritative ruling, and Mr. SEXTON, after indignantly repudiating the charge of doing what Mr. MCCARTHY has just done, went on to say:—"Whatever help we may require we shall seek from our own countrymen; but certainly, if that help should not be forthcoming, we should never seek it anywhere else." The uncertainty which attaches to the place of Mr. GLADSTONE'S, as of HOMER'S, birth may make it doubtful whether the acceptance of his cheque for 100*l.* would be a contravention of the foregoing rule; but, in any case, Lord TWEEDMOUTH'S cheque is not to be got over. We have no knowledge of his birthplace; but it has certainly never been suggested that he is a "countryman" of Mr. SEXTON'S.

THE APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

WE have had but a short respite from politics after the longest spell of Parliamentary palaver on record; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S prompt reopening of the campaign is on one account, at any rate, welcome. It is extremely desirable that, among other things, the ludicrous failure of the Government in the rôle of the political agitator should be "rubbed in" while the facts are fresh, and for this purpose the imposing demonstration in Hyde Park should certainly not have been allowed to become ancient history until after having had the benefit of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S criticisms. The fact that Ministers, and even the more reputable Ministerialists, were heartily ashamed of the whole affair, and that most of them hurriedly decamped from London to avoid public association with it, is in itself the most pressing of invitations to a critic. These highly placed and considered gentlemen cannot really be allowed to play at "Heads I win, tails you lose," after this artless fashion. They cannot be permitted to send up such a very ragged balloon as that which was inflated only to collapse the other Sunday, and then to disavow it. Either, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN trenchantly put it, we are "such degenerate descendants of the Englishmen of the past that our revolutions must be

"made for us by two rowdy Irishmen," or else the advertised revolution has so signally failed to "draw" among the not yet degenerate English people that the Government have had to sublet the contract to the two Irishmen in question, assisted by a gentleman from India. These two hypotheses there are—but no third.

Which of the two is the more plausible there has never been much excuse for doubting; but if any one ever had any doubts on the subject the Government themselves have most obligingly removed them. Revolutionists who really see their way to a revolution, and who mean business, rarely lose time in setting about it any more than does an army which had victory "organized" for it in advance. A force thus happily situated is not apt to waste much time in firing blank cartridge in the air, still less in attempting to discharge rifles that refuse to go off; which is perhaps the closer analogue of the farce in which Mr. O'BRIEN and Dr. TANNER played the leading parts. If Ministers thought they had the shadow of a case against the House of Lords, we should have been in the thick of a general election by this time. But, as a matter of notorious fact, the last twelve months have been wholly spent in comically futile attempts to manufacture that *casus belli* which Mr. GLADSTONE fondly expected to arise of itself on the rejection of the Home Rule Bill. To him the disappointment was so acute that, in our own belief, he then and there gave up the game. We suspect that the fatally flat fall of the memorable Edinburgh speech in the autumn of last year as good as sealed the venerable man's resignation. The subsequent attempts to pick a "popular" quarrel with the House of Lords were rather the work of his followers than himself. He never, at any rate, seemed to put much heart into his own share of it.

As to his party, they have sustained themselves largely in the hope that something or other would "turn up." We will not say of them, as Lord ROSEBURY once amazingly permitted himself to say of the Unionists, that the news of fresh agrarian outrages would have fallen upon their ears like "rain upon the parched soil"; indeed, we give them credit for sense enough to know that any outbreak of violent crime in Ireland would injure rather than improve their political prospects. But we have no doubt whatever that they have been reckoning, if not on Irish crime, at any rate on Irish discontent; that they have been eagerly seeking material for the contention that, if the Government of Ireland by a Home Rule Legislature and Executive were a doubtful experiment, the endeavour to govern the island from Westminster to the satisfaction, or even with the acquiescence, of its people was a demonstrated failure. But now, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN so damagingly points out, even this last hope has been reft from them. "For years past," he reminded his Liverpool audience the other day, "you have been told that all Ireland—which means the Nationalist part of Ireland, for there are no accounts of those who live in the North—that all the three provinces in the southern part of Ireland are earnestly bent upon obtaining Home Rule. Home Rule has been rejected, and the three provinces remain perfectly unconcerned." Yes; this is the disconcerting, the paralyzing, the calamitous truth. The Home Rule craze has had its day, like other fashions, and has "gone out." It has gone out, and is no more to be revived than a forgotten vogue in millinery or an old phrase of street slang. "The agitators have piped to them, but they refuse to dance." Yet if they will not dance to the agitator, if all his highly flavoured rhetoric wholly fails to work them up to the utterance of a single word of resentment, or even of regret, at the denial of the political "hoon" on which they were supposed to have set their

hearts—well, what becomes of the case against the House of Lords, among whose offences the denial aforesaid was represented as the worst? No wonder that the "appeal to the people" hangs fire.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD QUESTION.

SOME of our readers may have been surprised that we have hitherto said little on the battle which has been raging for months over the famous circular of the London School Board, in reference to religious education. But we have abstained deliberately. In the first place, very little good could have been done by perpetual comment on an equally perpetual interchange of heated debate, such as took place at meeting after meeting of the School Board, in consequence of the system of obstruction adopted by Mr. LYULPH STANLEY and his friends. In the second, such perpetual repetition was much more likely to weary than to inspirit the electors, who are hard enough, as it is, to bring to the poll. And in the third, we confess some agreement with those who think that not much good can come of newspaper discussions on the Trinity and the Incarnation. But the case changes when the elections draw close; and it has changed still more, owing to the singular and rather un-Holy Alliance called the Bible Education Council, which recently, and while professing not to take up Mr. STANLEY's position to the full, invited Churchmen and more or less orthodox Dissenters to vote against the present majority and in favour of the withdrawal of the circular. Also the letter of Mr. P. V. SMITH, published in Thursday's *Times*, gives an excellent text, because it puts, with great moderation and with force at least as great, the views of those who, while "not particularly enamoured" of the circular in itself, have no hesitation in supporting it against Mr. STANLEY on the one side, and his very curiously composed band of allies on the other.

We do not think that any Churchman, or, for the matter of that, any Christian, ought to have the least hesitation in taking the line indicated by Mr. SMITH, even if he does not take a still stronger one. It would have been better, no doubt, if there had been no need for this circular, which simply affirms certain things as being included in the "principles of the Christian Religion." But it is impossible for any one but the most ignorant or the most impudent disputant to deny that there was need. The compromise of 1871, of which so much is made by the Stanleyites and the trimmers, has not been violated, but has, on the contrary, been strictly and literally followed, by the circular. On the other hand, it is well known that certain teachers have violated that compromise both positively and (much oftener) negatively. We do not suppose that in any great number of the London Board School teachers there is any distinct taint of Secularism or even of Unitarianism. But it is only too natural that there should be a slight leaning in this direction. "Liberal" doctrinaires like Mr. STANLEY; Low Churchmen, whose excellent life and conversation may perhaps not be associated with any great intellectual acuteness; Broad Churchmen, who look at "Sacredotalism" very much as Low Churchmen look at the Scarlet Woman; and political Nonconformists, who would be suspicious of an Archangel if he avowed himself in favour of the Church of England, are not perhaps the best judges of human nature. But human nature makes it practically certain that Board School teachers will incline just a little the other way from their brethren who are teachers in Voluntary schools, that they will be proud of showing their "independence of dogma," and so forth.

We are afraid, further, that the little peculiarities which we have delicately hinted at as characterizing the signatories of the Bible Education manifesto must

have blinded them to the consequences of that manifesto itself. It is not probable, it is certain, that the withdrawal of the circular, involving as it would a distinct reprobation of the introduction of "principles of the Christian religion" at all, would give an enormous impulse and temptation to purely undogmatic, if not secularist, teaching. We are sure that some of these signatories, we trust that some others, and we are willing to stretch our charity so far as to entertain a lingering hope that the rest, do not see what the result of the action they recommend would be. We should be wronging the acuteness of their Progressive allies if we felt the slightest doubt that they are quite alive to these results. And we certainly agree with Mr. SMITH that a more extraordinary way of salving a conscience so tender that it will not undertake to teach or to believe something which it is quite ready to teach on somebody else's voucher has never been devised than the system of testimonials instead of tests advocated by Archdeacon SINCLAIR and his friends.

Let, therefore, no Churchman, no Christian, voter have the slightest hesitation in voting for the present majority at the forthcoming election. It may not be perfectly wise—few majorities, or, for the matter of that, minorities, are. But it has managed the School Board, on the whole, with good sense and with economy; it is hated by the class of Radical faddist whose idea is to pile on rates with one hand and play fantastic tricks in education with the other; and in this particular matter it has acted in strict accordance with the ruling precedents on the subject, and not a moment before action was demanded. Of course if anybody wants to see the kind of education which is now common in France introduced in English Board Schools—if he thinks *Ni Dieu ni maître* the sum and substance of wise teaching of youth—let him vote for the other side. But let him at the same time understand what he is doing.

PRINCE AND PREMIER.

M. STAMBOULOFF is doubtless aware that it is dangerous to be too busy in Bulgarian politics. He certainly taught various rivals that lesson effectually. Now he exemplifies the truth in his own person by a bruised right arm, which the Correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna saw undergoing a course of treatment by ice-poultices. The use of the stick is common in the political conflicts of Bulgaria. Unless M. STAMBOULOFF is much maligned, he has ordered the use of it when the application of the rod of justice in the ancient and patriarchal manner appeared to him to be called for by the circumstances. The reports may be an invention of the enemy, but at least the inventor knew what was likely to appear a plausible charge in Bulgaria. Now that M. STAMBOULOFF has fallen from power, his country is naturally found to produce men who can apply his own alleged methods to himself. It is the regular course of things in the East, to which Bulgaria properly belongs. He who threshes when in office is threshed when out of it, and there is never any want of accusers to produce evidence that he is only receiving his deserts.

Time will show what we are to think of the discretion of M. STAMBOULOFF; but it does appear, as yet, that some respect is due to his valour. Prince FERDINAND is not a Sultan, or a Sofi, but he is quite powerful enough to find men who are prepared to serve his vengeance; and M. STAMBOULOFF has not scrupled to give him personal offence of a kind which few princes could be expected to forgive, and which, perhaps, no ruler of such an intrinsically barbarous State as Bulgaria could afford to overlook. In the East a ruler who allows himself to be insulted is commonly believed to be afraid, and therefore to be attacked with

impunity. That M. STAMBOULOFF has insulted the Prince is beyond question. We do not think that, outside of the polemics of Irish patriots, it would be possible to find anything to equal the personal insolence of his late remarks about Prince FERDINAND in the course of his interview with the Correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. He drew a picture—and, it must be confessed, a most horribly plausible and consistent picture—of the Prince as a fool of the first water. It is an old observation that men would at all times rather be called villains than fools, so we can quite understand the anger of Prince FERDINAND. The insult, too, came from one who was sure to be listened to; it was in a form which compelled attention, and it was eminently calculated to do the Prince real injury with the Bulgarians. To be represented as a fool who had no thought beyond his tailoring, who had a mania for figuring in theatrical dresses, who indulged in silly fits of rage, who had no guide for his political conduct beyond a determination to secure recognition by Russia at the cost of any sacrifice, in order that he might be received with military honours on his travels, was bad enough. When M. STAMBOULOFF went on to say that the Prince wastes his subjects' money on his pleasures, he made a charge which Prince FERDINAND probably could not allow to pass unnoticed with impunity in such a country as Bulgaria.

The manner in which notice has been taken was what might have been expected. Nothing could be more consistent with all we have heard of Bulgaria, and the kindred Balkan States, than that the Court before which M. STAMBOULOFF was summoned for insulting the Prince should have endeavoured to strain the law against him; that the police officer whose duty it was to protect him should have been out of the way when a hostile mob was at hand; and that somebody, having perhaps a personal grievance of his own to revenge, should have taken the opportunity to please the powers which are by insulting the power which has fallen. This is quite what might have been expected in Bulgaria. Nor is it at all improbable that M. STAMBOULOFF has been subjected to a long course of petty persecution. Taken all together, the history of the fall of M. STAMBOULOFF from office, and the events which have followed it, seem to indicate that Bulgaria will drift more or less rapidly into the position of Servia. There is a young Prince who may not be the absolute fribble described by M. STAMBOULOFF, but who has certainly given no proof of ability or strength of character, and is now surrounded by a handful of obscure adventurers, steeped in all the brutality and intrigues of the East and semi-East. There is a barbarous, ignorant, suspicious population, and there is in M. STAMBOULOFF a man of undoubted faculty and courage, who is now desperate, and is throwing himself into the task of making trouble. Whether this trouble will affect Europe will depend on how far it is true that Austria and Russia have come to an agreement that events in the Balkan Peninsula shall not disturb their friendly relations.

COUNTY CRICKET.

THE fight for the County Championship has been carried on in very different conditions from those that prevailed last year. But it has proved even more exciting, despite the uncertain weather, or the certain uncertainty of the weather. Yet, as the statistics show, the number of drawn games is not excessive. The number of matches finished in two full days, or less, is remarkable. The victory rests with Surrey, who have beaten Yorkshire by the narrow majority of one point. From the middle of July it was tolerably plain that the contest lay between these counties, and up to the last week but one of the season the

struggle between the two was exceedingly close. A good deal of sentiment—not unnatural, in the circumstances—has been expended upon the ill fortune that attended the Northern county. Surrey were successful in playing all their sixteen matches to a decision, without a single drawn game; though their memorable return match with Lancashire is, of course, technically a draw. Owing to continuous bad weather, Yorkshire did not play an over of their first match with Kent. This exceptional event placed them in an unfortunate position early in the season, and towards the close their return with Somerset was drawn through rain. Every lover of fair sport must regret that Yorkshire did not, like Surrey, play out all their matches. Had they done so, the decision would have possessed that finality which would have left the ingenious and irresponsible critics no fair ground for disputation. It is possible, of course, that if “honours were easy” with the two counties, some ardent partisans of Surrey might have sought to turn the balance by claiming half a point for that county in consideration of their tie with Lancashire. It is satisfactory that this ridiculous proposition should have been promptly snuffed out. That it should have been suggested at all is a melancholy proof of the lengths to which illogical persons will go.

A good instance of this wavering and distressed mental habit is afforded by the letter of a correspondent, who begs of Lord HAWKE to tell him if the County Championship has been decided in a fair manner. He wants to know, also, if Lord HAWKE does not think that the unplayed match between Yorkshire and Kent should have been played on another occasion. To the first query Lord HAWKE replies in terms of wisdom and diplomatic reserve. He is not to be drawn into a calculation of the chances. Yorkshiremen, he thinks, must be good sportsmen, and accept their bad luck in the spirit of sportsmen. With regard to the second suggestion, he shows excellent good sense in strongly disapproving the proposed match in substitution of the unplayed one. “Suppose,” says Lord HAWKE, “only an hour’s play had taken place, I don’t think any one would have thought of proposing ‘another match.’” Comparison of the “averages” of Yorkshire and Surrey will show a remarkable accord with the final result. There is, probably, not much superiority on the part of Surrey in all-round strength, but it is clearly shown in the batting averages. The Yorkshiremen have but four batsmen with averages of over twenty—namely, Mr. F. S. JACKSON, Mr. E. SMITH, and BROWN and MOORHOUSE, while Surrey have not less than seven, with BROCKWELL at the head with the fine average of 34·27. In bowling it is hard to say which has done better, since each county has performed exceedingly well. RICHARDSON, LOCKWOOD, and SMITH have found their peers in WAINWRIGHT, PEEL, and HIRST. Middlesex succeeded in retaining their position of last year as third in the list. While Mr. STODDART has fallen away in batting from his remarkable eminence in 1893, Mr. O’BRIEN and Mr. R. S. LUCAS have vastly improved, and Mr. FORD, who is second on the list, has played fewer matches, yet held his reputation secure. Lancashire, like Middlesex, have shown strange inconsistency, opening the season tamely, and finishing with some of the most brilliant displays that the season has produced. For the rest, Somerset and Kent have shone forth with something of their old power; but on rare occasions only. They are the meteors of the cricket season, as far as the older first-class counties are concerned. The newly admitted elevens, especially Warwickshire, have done well; and one of the pleasantest features of the year is the resurrection of Hampshire, once the equal of any county, and latterly trembling on the outer verge of even the second class.

SEA ANGLING.

THE idea of angling with rod and line in the sea is naturally repulsive to the human mind. It suggests a state of affairs but too familiar—the hard, dry, bracing weather of the West Highlands; the river a mere thread of pellucid water among monstrous boulders; the salmon and sea-trout waiting in the loch, and unable to get up; the sky like brass, the loch like glass, and the North wind like a razor. When things are as bad as that (and in the wettest English autumn they are as bad as that), some persons will fish in the sea rather than not fish at all. Outside the castle point on a fine evening lythe and “cuddies” will bite freely at a hook busked with a white feather, tied by a piece of string to the end of a stick, and trailed behind a boat. Some refine on this artless practice, and use a salmon or trout rod and reel. But this is poor work. The fish can be taken just as well by the rude native method; it is a case of “pull lythe, pull ‘angler,’ and, as this is so, the employment of delicate engines is mere superfluity. We have known a small sea-trout take the white feather, but never a large sea-trout, though, in the Orkneys, they are caught in tide water. A phantom minnow, trolled, will attract codlings, which give a good deal of play on a trout rod. But he who uses a phantom in fresh water, after using it in the sea, will find that the triangles break on the first run of a salmon. Hand-line fishing is a weariness, and, on the whole, sea fishing is merely a form of loafing.

This, however, is not the opinion of everybody, and it is not the opinion of “*ICHTHYOSAURUS*,” who has published *Hints and Wrinkles on Sea Fishing* (ILIFFE). The author is a contented and contemplative character, who is capable of sitting on a pier and bobbing for anything. “What else is there to do at the seaside?” he asks; and, indeed, we cannot answer. But, as long as there is a quarter of a pound trout in a league of burn, there is more pleasure in trying to beguile him from behind a boulder with a single fly than in snaring all the credulous monsters of ocean, the herd of AMPHITRITE. As for the “spice of danger,” the danger of being befogged or wrecked is uninviting, and the peril of sea-sickness is undignified. Smelt may give as much sport as dace, but dace give more; nor would we voluntarily angle for cod at Deal in November. Congers are monsters to be fled from, not prey to be sought; and who can dream of dabbling after crabs and dabs? With mackerel on a white fly some easy diversion may occasionally be had, but after the age of fourteen the taste for mackerel fishing is apt to abate. The author has always failed to catch a hake; his condition is the more gracious. Lug-worm is good for plaice, and rag-worm for pollock; but about lug- and rag-worm an angler prefers to remain in pious ignorance. Even our author has a contempt for pouting; and we entertain the same emotion as regards whiffing and railing, and spinning with an eighteen-foot rod, an odd engine to haunt a pier with. Legering and paternostering are arts which cannot be described with brevity, but which may be avoided with ease, and as much may be said for “chopstick tackle.” Float-fishing is described as “most sportsmanlike”; but “long” lining, perhaps, in the opinion of the “hypercritical, may not come under the heading of “sport.” Still, our author finds in it “a great ‘fascination.’” Bournemouth appears to be the favourite happy fishing ground of the sea angler. Here he can catch dabs and smelts and gurnard, also bass, turbot, and conger; perhaps a mixed basket may amount to two hundred specimens. At Hastings big bass may be captured at night, among the rocks and posts of the pier, where (judging by analogy) a

fisher might expect to get "broken." On the whole, there seems to be something more idyllic and attractive in fishing on the banks of the Regent's Canal, not to mention the Thames, than in any sea fishing. It is damp, dirty work, especially where lob- and ray-worms are concerned. But the passion for angling has increased to such an extraordinary extent that fresh waters are overcrowded and the ocean may shortly be exhausted. If salmon and sea-trout could be induced to rise in salt water there would be better hope; but, at present, the only really good sea fishing is for tarpon in Florida—"a far cry," but a very large and enthusiastically sporting fish.

THE TRADE-UNION CONGRESS.

THE twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Trade-Union Congress supplies a fresh piece of evidence of the tendency of this Conference to become more limited in number and more strictly political or even official in character. Mr. Burns, who acted as chairman of the "preliminary proceedings," remarked with gratification that, "of the 380 delegates present, 100 were members either of Parliament or of some minor public body." In other words, nearly a third of these representatives of the workmen in the Parliament of Labour, as it is magniloquently called, have ceased to be workmen in the Trade-Union sense of the word. The effect which the tenure of a place in Parliament or in a "minor public body" has on the real position of a Labour leader was forcibly illustrated in the course of the third sitting. Mr. Steadman (of London), in supporting a motion in favour of payment of members of Parliament, "said that the idea of independent Labour representation was a sham and a mockery, when a man like John Burns had to depend upon the support and sympathy of the public Press to raise him sixpences to keep him honest in the British House of Commons and London County Council." Mr. Fenwick and other Labour representatives may be left to deal with the implication that their honesty is contingent on the receipt of a grant of public money. Mr. Steadman was rewarded by the cheers and laughter of the Congress. The rather curious sense of honour and of humour displayed by the Congress is, however, not the question. What we wish to point out is that the 100 delegates who are members of Parliament and other bodies are in reality salaried men doing clerical work. They are professional politicians when they are not professional agitators. Their connexion with industrial work is, in fact, incomparably less genuine and direct than that of the other class of workmen who have "raised themselves in the world" by becoming employers. The fall in the numbers of the Congress is also significant. Mr. Burns claims, indeed, that this Congress is more representative than last year's meeting at Belfast, but he does not explain in what sense he uses a word which is easily capable of abuse. It is understood that delegates have been rejected on the ground that they do not represent properly qualified Unions. The decision may have been quite correct, but it shows that there are considerable bodies of workmen who do not come within what is considered as the orthodox Union limit. The tendency, too, is to draw the distinction more strictly. It is, in fact, notorious that even where they are strongest the Unions do not include the bulk or even the majority of the whole body of workmen. The fact is one which is hardly sufficiently attended to by those politicians, of all parties, who are disposed to regard these bodies with terror. They are in truth very often close corporations of a merely selfish character, and if they were boldly faced, it is highly probable that they might be beaten, as they were beaten in Australia—that is to say, by the help of the workmen whom they aim at excluding and sacrificing.

The natural, and indeed inevitable, inclination of a body of which nearly one-third of the members are place-holders, and others, no doubt, wish to be so, is to mix the utmost possible proportion of politics in their discussion of Labour questions. The stamp of the politics which attracts the delegates is familiar. No small portion of the time of the Parliament of Labour was spent in reiterating motions and amendments which are only slightly varied forms of the

contention that the other Parliament will never be in a satisfactory condition till it is reduced to a machine for registering the decisions of the Trade-Unions. This faith was most simply expressed by Mr. Delves, who has been chosen President of this year's meeting. "If," he said, "Parliament has not actually done much, it has at least shown us, in the proposals it has discussed as well as in the proposals of some to which it, as now constituted, would not listen, that, with perhaps some improvements in its own constitution, and our ancient and natural enemy, the House of Lords, out of its way, and no Second Chamber allowed to interfere at all, it is still the most effective weapon we could desire, as well as the readiest to our hand for achieving our aims, especially when we, the workers, assume our proper place, as the great body of the nation, in the control of its councils. 'Legislate' will, I venture to think, become more and more our watchword in the future, until the old weapon, the strike, becomes by comparison like the discarded flintlock of a past age." Mr. Delves's ideal is a Parliament consisting entirely of a House of Commons, which, again, will consist mainly of "Labour" representatives, presumably paid for ceasing to labour, and wholly dependent on their constituents for their bread. This Parliament thus constituted will be chiefly employed in legislating for the purpose of securing short hours and high wages to all members of Trade-Unions. Mr. Delves is young and enthusiastic, to judge from the general tone of his speech, but he is borne out by the greater years and experience of Mr. Fenwick.

The position of Mr. Fenwick at this Congress is very curious. As Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee he has had to read a Report which, among other things, expresses regret that an amendment in favour of local option was carried to the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, "and the Bill was, therefore, withdrawn." Now it happens that Mr. Fenwick was one of the majority by which the amendment was carried, a fact of which he has been frequently reminded by the Conference. He has defended himself with spirit, and vindicated his freedom as a member of Parliament to vote according to his conscience and to consider his constituents only. This is quite honourable and consistent in Mr. Fenwick. But, unless we are to suppose that as Secretary to the Parliamentary Committee he considers himself merely as the mouthpiece of that body, it would appear that he looks upon freedom as a strictly personal privilege to be enjoyed only by Mr. Fenwick. Unless he holds that creed, or takes a very extreme view of the obedience due from a Secretary, we cannot well understand how he came to read the language of the Report on the loss of the Employers' Liability Bill. A very interesting passage of this document deals with Lord Salisbury's statement that the Upper House in supporting Lord Dudley's Amendment had intended "to secure to each man his own freedom, and freedom to contract as well as to anything else." This the Committee think "utterly incompatible with the amendment"; for "It is impossible for any one to conceive how individual freedom was to be secured by an arrangement which conferred upon two-thirds of the workmen in any trade the power to compel the other one-third to surrender their liberty at the dictation of such a majority." Nor do we see it, if it had been proposed to deprive those who did choose to contract out of the benefit of the law. We may allow, too, that this local option which gives a majority of two-thirds, or any other figure, any measure of power over the minority in the conduct of private affairs is not obviously compatible with "personal freedom." But how can Mr. Fenwick and the Parliamentary Committee complain of the Lords for giving excessive power to two-thirds, when they themselves are quite ready to give a majority of fifty-one authority to deprive the minority of forty-nine of freedom to make their own bargains for ever? How, in particular, can Mr. Fenwick, who is standing up stoutly for the freedom of his own minority, object to the action of the Lords? The arguments which are good in one case hold in the other. The miners who are for the Eight Hours Bill say that the fear of competition from the North coerces them, and that they cannot be free till the miners of Durham and Northumberland are bound. They are the majority. Why then does not Mr. Fenwick yield to them? Apparently because he considers freedom good for himself and his own minority, but not for anybody else. This, at least, is the only explanation we can give of the odd local love of freedom which burns in Mr. Fenwick, who in other respects

is so strong for authority that, speaking for himself this time, and not for the Parliamentary Committee, he maintained that every Ministry ought to have the power to stop debate whenever it thinks fit, without consulting the Speaker or Chairman of Committees. Perhaps a Unionist Ministry might modify Mr. Fenwick's views on this point.

The passage we have already quoted from Mr. Delves's address will perhaps be enough to give an idea of its quality. Even the best friends of the Trade-Union Congress have to acknowledge that the oratory of its President for this year is young. The description is accurate enough, looking at the tone of the speech, though those whose knowledge dates back, by memory or reading, to a period before the last five years or so, will at once see that the youthful Mr. Delves had little to say which is not in substance as old as the hills. A few phrases, of which "collectivism" is the favourite, have a smack of novelty, though even that is wearing off; but essentially there is nothing in his speech which is not to be found in the crude speculation of centuries. That the handicraftsmen and labourers are "the people," and that their interests are one, is an old belief. The Trade-Union Congress may see, if it likes, from the case of the Northumberland and Durham miners, or from the vigorous opposition of the railway servants to the Employers' Liability Bill—to say nothing of the collision between the English and German miners at Berlin—that this is far from being the case. But experience, even personal experience, has no influence on crude speculators who dream dreams. It is, also, an old belief that, outside the people, there is something which oppresses it. Mr. Delves was eloquent in an eminently juvenile way about something which he calls the sword of Damocles hanging over our Trade-Union head. This, it seems, is the army and navy; and Mr. Delves prays "God grant the slender thread may not break," and the weapon fall with destructive effect on the Trade-Union Congress. Mr. Delves is certainly very young; and it probably flatters him to think that he is defying some fierce tyrant or another. In time he will learn that he is in no danger even from the House of Lords, which the Parliamentary Committee (with no youth to excuse it, by the way) describes as "an assembly of irresponsible individuals who regard it as their solemn duty to mangle and destroy every measure of a democratic tendency." The workmen who petitioned to be preserved by the Lords in their freedom to make their own arrangements with their employers, and the Scotchmen who came racing up to London to be saved from the Fishery Bill, are not "democratic." Indeed, it is interesting to those who like to recognize the antiquity of new things, to see how completely the Trade-Union Congress holds the old Jacobin doctrine that no minority, nor even any combination of minorities constituting a majority, which does not agree with itself, has any claim to belong to the people. It is also interesting—very seriously interesting—to note that the twenty-seventh annual Trade-Union Congress is more completely devoted to political theories than any of its predecessors. Once it was a commonplace to say that the good sense of "the people" would keep them from running into the extravagances of Continental workmen. Yet it would be difficult to see in what respect the "collectivist" harangue of Mr. Delves differs from the Socialistic talk of the Continent, except in violence of language. The violence will very probably come in a year or two. We notice the same belief that the workmen—and those only who belong to Unions—constitute the people; that the capitalist who pays wages and the workmen who compete for them are alike enemies; that the true aim of "the workers," as defined by the Trade-Union, is to secure the whole power of the State, and use it exclusively for their own immediate tangible benefit. These are the opinions which Mr. Delves propounded amid the applause of the Congress, and, as things go, they are more likely to lead him to a place "in Parliament or some minor public body" than to any harm from "the sword of Damocles." Thursday's sitting too was devoted to passing resolutions of a purely socialistic kind, of which one of the most significant was moved by a Mr. Terence O'Flynn, who asked Congress to affirm "that it should be made a penal offence for an employer to bring, or cause to be brought, to any locality, extra labour, where the already existing supply was sufficient for the needs of the district." This egregious proposal was voted unanimously. What more is needed to show that the Congress is capable of becoming a serious danger, and one which it

will be useless to attempt to disarm by concession? It must be faced, and we believe that with a little spirit it can be faced with success.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION.

AN agitation is on foot with which every true sportsman must feel in sympathy, for it has for objects the better preservation of fresh-water fish and the maintenance of the purity of English rivers. For once we are on the side of agitation, and it is from no want of respect that we venture to comment upon the latter-day development of the contemplative man's recreation.

It is not many weeks since Mr. Berrington, Chief Inspector of Fisheries, visited Leeds on behalf of the Board of Trade, to meet a deputation of Yorkshire anglers representing Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, and Scarborough. The delegates from Hull, York, and Wakefield were unable to attend. Heaven only knows the number of the constituents of these delegates; possibly an approximate estimate might be arrived at from the claim advanced by the Sheffield men that they represented seven thousand "organized anglers." It positively takes one's breath away. Seven thousand contemplative men in one city! And what have they got to contemplate? Not a very promising state of affairs, judging from the statements laid before Mr. Berrington. There is a certain beneficent law known to organized anglers as Mundella's Act, whereby provision is made for the preservation of such streams in populous neighbourhoods as have thus far escaped irremediable pollution; but to put this law in force involves prosecution by clubs or private individuals, and the organized anglers, being, as they aver, the reverse of strong in the matter of funds, think that the Treasury ought to undertake these prosecutions. Many of them are members of the Miners' Federation, and, as such, have at present to pay, and for the last ten weeks have been paying, a levy to keep the Scottish miners out on strike. Well, it is always embarrassing to have to choose between competing luxuries, and it is quite intelligible that if you have chosen to pay in order to keep your friends idle, you must deny yourself the pleasure of paying to keep your rivers pure.

But, apart from this, our sympathies are with the organized anglers. We have as much right to clean streams as to clean streets; nay, a greater right, inasmuch as it is the nature of a stream to be pure, and the nature of a street to be foul. If the river is polluted, it is by the act of a manufacturer, or by the neglect of a Municipality. In either case there should be a higher power to enforce the law; it is not fair to ask the contemplative man to interrupt his contemplation, in order to put the right machinery in motion. Besides, the burden of his complaint to Mr. Berrington was that he could not afford it.

But the pollution of rivers concerns a far larger public than the association of Yorkshire anglers, large though that turns out to be. It is the old story of *corruptio optimi*; just as there is no more lovable, irresistibly attractive object in a landscape than a clear running river, so there is none more hideously depressing than a polluted one. Grimy grass and smirched and cankered trees renew their verdure every spring, and for a time make brave show in the sunlight, but there is no summer for the poisoned stream. Month after month it rolls its inky flood, spewing poisonous foam in the rapids and greasy scum in the deeps; no dancing ephemerids haunt its sullen wave, no waterfowl its reedless banks; its sad office is to bear no freight more lightsome than drowned puppies and cats, evil rags, and (unloveliest flotsam of civilization) torn newspapers. It was bad enough when, as happened, not for the first time, last year, the sudden release of mineral waste from Dalmellington pits swept havoc down the channel of Burns's bonny Doon. Thousands of salmon and trout were destroyed in a single night, and no proceedings followed to bring the offenders to book; for, unlike the Yorkshire anglers, those of Ayrshire are not "organized." But that calamity, though unpardonable, was transitory in its effects. Doon runs in as limpid current and sings as sweet melody now as she did in the days of Coel Hen, King of Strathclyde, irreverently known among ourselves as Old King Cole. But who is to be held responsible for enforcing the law to preserve other rivers, not less fraught with historic and poetic association than the Doon, from being turned into sewers sickening to gods and men? Public money is

freely spent on London parks. Taxpayers who never see them contribute to their maintenance. If the Treasury pleads want of funds as a reason for not declining to prosecute the defilers of rivers, why not direct the Office of Works to cut off a few flower-beds in the parks for a year or two? The hundreds saved would go far to check the mischief that is going on further afield; for the very fact of Government undertaking a few prosecutions would make offenders careful to mend their ways. But we have had cause to know the Treasury of old, with its impregnable *non possumus*. It must be admitted, also, that it is not desirable to invoke the aid of the State in prosecutions affecting only a section of the commonwealth. It is surely not beyond the means of the angling community to take matters into their own hands. A sixpenny levy on 30,000 anglers will produce 750*l.*—not a bad nest-egg to start with, and subscriptions might confidently be expected from persons interested in preserving the beauties of Merrie England. Something ought to be done promptly, for the only obvious result of the Leeds deputation has been to make those who pollute the streams aware of the inability or unwillingness of fishermen to take proceedings against them.

Bad as things are in Yorkshire, as any traveller by the Midland or Great Northern lines may see for himself, they cannot yet be so hopeless as they might be, otherwise a single town in that county would not be able to boast its 7,000 anglers. There is a great deal to preserve, and a great deal to restore; the effort is worth making, to secure for the artisan population such an innocent and healthful recreation.

Not that the Leeds and Sheffield anglers exactly fulfil the peaceful ideal of Walton and Cotton. One has but to con the weekly columns of the *Fishing Gazette* to learn that there is more of competition than contemplation in their sport. So long as matches are decided and stakes paid on the roach, chub, and other coarse fish weighed in, there is little cause for murmuring. Not only do such fish enjoy enormous powers of reproduction, but, in England at least, a statutory annual close time has been established. Besides, the sport is just a trifle tame without some additional incentive. We believe the science of handicapping has not yet been applied to fishing competitions, but there are certainly some whose superior proficiency might be reckoned in pounds and ounces.

Unluckily, the killing of trout has become in some districts a matter of prize-winning. The sacred bosom of Loch Leven is almost daily desecrated by this ignoble rivalry, and the hallowed recesses of Ettrick and Yarrow are constantly ransacked with an ardour not born of the sport offered by the wretched fishlets which are greedily creel. Things are getting to a bad pass in Scottish open trout streams, for in that land there is, shame to say it, no close time for breeding fish. A merciful and prudent measure, promoted by the angling clubs of Lancashire, passed through the House of Lords this year, and received a second reading by the Commons. But sleepless Mr. Seymour Keay read between the lines of it a covert attempt to extend the rights of landlords, and by persistent blocking he brought it to an untimely end. So the massacre of gravid and unseasonable trout is to go on in Scottish waters till Mr. Keay and his friends can be convinced that it is in the interest of labourers rather than landlords that it is sought to protect them.

In these days, when so much court is paid to the miners' vote, the sea-fishermen's vote, even the waiters' vote, how comes it that nothing is ever heard of the anglers' vote? It would cause a refreshing diversion in the proceedings of Parliament; and what are the tens of thousands of anglers "organized" for, if not to affect legislation? We have often heard discussions between fishermen about when to strike and how to strike—on the rise, after the rise, or not at all; surely this organization does not point to striking in a different sense. It would be a rare time for non-organized anglers if their organized brethren went out on strike. Then would be witnessed a new development of picketing; stones might be flung, not at the heads of blacklegs, but into the waters where these were casting the angle.

MADNESS AND CRIME.

THE controversy between lawyers and doctors as to the criminal responsibility of the insane is so inveterate, and has hitherto been both so jejune and so largely academic, that its reappearance at the present dull season may not

seem to call for any comment. But the definite proposal made at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association, that the House of Lords should be invited without delay to ask the judges to answer "certain questions with regard to the defence of insanity in criminal cases," imparts to the latest revival of this interminable feud not a little extrinsic interest and importance. Five distinct tests or criteria have at different periods in the history of English law been employed for the purpose of determining the criminal responsibility of the insane. First we have what has been compendiously described as "the boy of fourteen" theory. For this we are indebted to Sir Matthew Hale. "Such a person," said that great jurist, "as labouring under melancholy distempers hath yet ordinarily as great understanding as a child of fourteen years, may be guilty of treason or felony." In the beginning of the eighteenth century this primitive standard was superseded. One would gladly think that its abandonment was due to the eventual perception by the judges of the day that no two states of mind could be more unlike or less capable of comparison than the healthy immaturity of a boy of fourteen and the diseased maturity of a lunatic. But, unfortunately, this comforting hypothesis is untenable. For the boy of fourteen theory gave place to a still more unscientific test. On the trial of Edward Arnold, at Kingston, in 1723, for wounding Lord Onslow, Mr. Justice Tracey, in charging the jury, said that "a prisoner in order to be acquitted on the ground of insanity must be a man that is totally deprived of his understanding and memory, and doth not know what he is doing, no (*sic*) more than an infant, a brute, or a wild beast." No such lunatic ever existed, and the only excuse that can be offered for Mr. Justice Tracey's famous dictum is that he merely gave an exaggerated and inaccurate description of the violent and acute mania to which the asylum system of his day steadily reduced all other types of insanity. The "wild beast" theory, however, marks the lowest depth to which the law of England as to the criminal responsibility of the insane descended. Its subsequent ascent has been curiously fitful and irregular. On the trial of Hadfield in 1800 for shooting at George III. in Drury Lane Theatre, Lord Chief Justice Kenyon told the jury that the prisoner's responsibility depended on the question "whether at the very time when he committed the act his mind was sane." But this advance was not long maintained. For in 1812, on the trial of Bellingham for the murder of Mr. Perceval in the Lobby of the House of Commons, Sir James Mansfield prescribed another test of punishable insanity—namely, whether the accused possessed sufficient capacity to distinguish between right and wrong in the abstract. In the course of time this theory of responsibility also was felt to be inadequate. Scientific observers of the phenomena of mental disease established the existence of a type of lunatic whose general notions of right and wrong were perfectly clear and correct, and who nevertheless committed acts forbidden alike by morality and by law, under a fixed belief that his conduct was not only pardonable but meritorious. It might well be that such persons deserved punishment. But it was certain that the existing law offered little guidance as to the principles on which their punishment should be based. This deficiency the present legal test of lunacy purports to supply. It is embodied in answers given by the judges to questions propounded to them by the House of Lords after the acquittal of Daniel Macnaughton, in 1843, on the charge of having murdered Mr. Drummond, the private secretary of Sir Robert Peel; and it makes the guilt or innocence of a person accused of a crime, and defended on the ground of insanity, depend on whether he did or did not "know the nature and quality" of his act at the time of committing it. Against this standard of responsibility the British Medical Association is now in full tilt, and not without reason. The "rules in Macnaughton's case" represent accurately enough the state of medical knowledge in 1843, and are still comparatively harmless when judiciously manipulated. But they ignore the fact that mental disease may, and does, impair its victims' wills, as well as their other faculties; and, after the criticisms that have been passed upon them by judges so eminent as the late Lord Coleridge, the late Sir James Stephen, and Sir Henry Hawkins, it is high time they were revised. We regard, however, with considerable apprehension the proposal that the revision should take the form of questions put to the judges by the House of Lords. We should have thought that this species of catechism had already been sufficiently discredited by the

experiment of 1843; and we know of no other authority for the proposition that the House of Lords has a right to question the judges except in the exercise of its legislative or judicial functions. What is wanted is that some barrister should be found of sufficient daring to challenge the authority of the Macnaughton "rules" in defending a prisoner on whose behalf a plea of insanity is put forward. There is every reason to believe that the mental soil of the Bench is already not unprepared for such a suggestion. And, in any event, the point would be brought before the Court for Crown Cases Reserved—a tribunal undoubtedly competent to decide it.

THE COUNTRY OF THE MORAY FIRTH.

IN these latter days one may go so far afield for summer holidays that distance is scarcely an object. So that the north of Scotland, which lately was the *Ultima Thule* of the tourist's hopes, has now become but a step; and wife, family, and household gods may be removed thither in a few hours and at trifling expense. Then the man, if he be a golfer, may take with him his golf clubs and find such satisfaction as he may in putting-greens and bunkers.

He need not fail to find them anywhere. It is almost impossible to avoid them. One used to think it a great matter that either shore of the Forth was a fringe of perpetual golf links. Now the infection has travelled north, and the Firth of Moray is similarly begirt. In many ways it is remarkable, this country of the Moray, the Cromarty and the Dornoch Firths. Our physical atlases will show for us the Gulf Stream, considerably attenuated, curling the extremest tip of its tail round John o' Groat's and Caithness, and embracing the country of these Firths so that fuchsias grow at Dunrobin like forest trees, and all sorts of delicate shrubs fare excellently well. Instead of going south to the Riviera in the winter-time, we may go, for our health's sake, to Dornoch or to Nairn. "The snow never lies at Nairn"—every oldest inhabitant will tell you so—yet one notices among the stock-in-trade of Dalgleish, the golf professional there resident, a supply of golf balls painted red! Now, golf balls are painted red for one purpose only—it is not a lightsome frolic like the red-painting of a "city." So, between the red golf-balls and the oldest inhabitant there is a certain contradiction about this matter of snow.

But, however that may be, one may take it as certain that the Moray and its adjacent Firths are a warm neighbourhood where the winter cold does not approach in severity what it is at Aberdeen and other East Coast places further South. And, after all, it is not so likely that the Englishman will be tempted thither in the winter, which is not his holiday time. In hours of daylight he will gain nothing for his pains. He might as well have stayed in Bloomsbury, for he will have to breakfast by candle-light, and, to avoid further expenditure in lighting, he would have to go to bed at half-past three. But in summer this picture of gloom shows its converse. The sun never, practically speaking, goes to bed. At eleven o'clock a man may go to bed by its afterglow, or, if he sit up and smoke a pipe for an hour or so, he may turn in by its dawn.

Of all places on these Firths the favourite is Nairn. It is a nest of villas, inhabited during the summer by pleasant English folk. In the Long Vacation if you want a good opinion on a point of English law you may be more sure of getting it at Nairn than at any other place. All this wealth of legal learning spends its leisure in golf over the links. Golf has ever been a legal game; its rules furnish occasions for trained acumen, and it has opportunities which indulge all the punitive instincts of the judge. It is a grave and serious game, and gives excellent chances of practice in debate. But until lately it has been the possession of the Scottish Bar. Now that England has yielded to its seduction, and that there is at Woking a course under special legal protection, the English and Scottish Bars might fight Bannockburn (or, perchance, it might be Flodden) over again. The Nairn golf links owes its being, under Providence, to the English Bar; and it justifies its creation, which many courses do not. It is of the right soil, sandy; the hazards are sand bunkers and whins, the holes are well guarded, the course needs straight driving, and the putting-greens, though of very various strength, are excellent in the main. All this is ideal; and beside the ideal the sea accompanies you all the way,

lulling your nerves—slightly harassed, may be, by the incidents of the game—with the swish-swosh of its waves, which are always gentle in this land-girt Firth. Across it are the hills of Cromarty and Sutherland, the Ord of Caithness, and Ben Wyvis, with a patch of snow which he will wear all the summer through. The Nairn links is not perfect, however—there are flaws in the ideal. Though so very good when you arrive at them that you almost fear to set a nailed boot upon their velvet, the putting-greens are very small, and you have to loft to them over grassy, soft pasture stuff which makes terrible work of the approach stroke. But in this year of grace 1894 are not all golf-links grassy! The furthest hole out, which is the eleventh, may pleasantly remind the golfer of the Basses Pyrénées of the "grouse-moor" (so called by the golfer from Pau) at Biarritz.

At Nairn you have golf-links on either side of you, from Inverness to Elgin and Lossiemouth; but the Nairn course has no need to fear comparison with these. The ladies' course is not an affair to be very proud of; St. Andrews has really a better. Nevertheless, the ladies seem pleased with it; and that is well, because there is not much else for their active amusement at Nairn. There is some bathing, but not much boating; and though some of the river fishing is free, one never yet heard of a man who had got up sufficiently early to find himself first on the water. Men do catch sea-trout, however, but not often. But if you tire of Nairn links you may go to those other links on either side; and some are amused by going to Inverness to look in at the shop windows. That, however, may be done with equal enjoyment in Bond Street, where the shops are quite as good. But if you feel inclined for a big expedition, you may make your way to Dornoch, where is the best links of all those on the Firths. Dornoch is a strange place. It is hours from everywhere. You may overshoot it in the train and drive back, or you may cross a branch of the Firth at the "Meikle Ferry," with an old Charon who will talk to you all the way across as a man will who only gets a listener a few times weekly. But in either case you will have to drive some distance to arrive at Dornoch. The mail is late in coming there, as well it may be, wherefore the ways of business men of the place are like the ways of editors of morning papers. Their work begins when most of mankind are thinking of leaving it off. So they will shut up the bank and come and golf with you, starting almost from the door, and go to their work in the evening. And their links is the best of all north of St. Andrews, unless Carnoustie would like to be excepted.

There is a division of opinion about the quality of the air on these Firths. There are those who deem it relaxing. But, then, this is so much a matter of comparison. When Professor Huxley used to live in Edinburgh he was in the habit of expressing a deep respect for North Berwick as a place to which people went from Edinburgh to be braced! Those who live in Edinburgh, or on the east coast, may not, perchance, find this country of the Moray Firth bracing; but for Londoners, who, after all, are a majority, it has every invigorating quality they should need, tempered by a tenderness which the shorn lamb does not find on the east coast from Aberdeen to Berwick.

No doubt, with all the conveniences of the Highland Railway and Caledonian Canal, it is a far country to travel to; but how beautiful the journey is! That Highland Railway itself, though so jolty and dislocating, gives views of mountain scenery which are almost incomparable in Great Britain; and the alternative route for the homecoming perhaps affords the only views which the passenger by train can find to rival them. For from Inverness one may slip down the Canal and, taking the new line to Glasgow at Fort William, be carried through all the lovely country of the West Coast, which used to be accessible only to the stage-coach traveller or the pedestrian.

THE NEW WOMAN.

THAT the title *The New Woman* is an attraction rather than a guide is a matter for which neither Mr. Grundy nor Mr. Comyns Carr must be blamed too severely. In fact, it would be difficult to find a title which would fit the heroine and her story with any degree of nicety and novelty combined. Purposely Mr. Grundy has made her a very ordinary woman, and with equal wisdom and purpose

he has kept the story slight, simple, and straightforward. He is not less deliberate in making Gerald Cazenove a decided prig. The young Oxford graduate who, having taken brilliant honours at his University, at once starts at revolutionizing the ethical constitution of Society is less often seen on the stage than in real life. He is not very promising material for a hero; and, truth to tell, the author has not made very much of a hero of him, and seems somewhat to share the opinion of Lady Wargrave. He is forced to appear even less heroic than he otherwise might have done in his association not only with the serious "New Woman," Mrs. Sylvester, but with her loud-voiced, self-assertive companions. His chief redeeming points are the promptitude with which he falls in love with Margery Armstrong, his aunt's companion, whom he has met at her father's farm at Mapledurham, and the boldness with which, partly deceived, it is true, by Lady Wargrave's hope that he will marry any woman but a New Woman, he declares his intention to marry Margery. For the purposes of the kind of story Mr. Grundy set himself to tell it was quite unnecessary that Gerald's wife should be beneath him in social position; and although the dramatist's task has been in some respects rendered easier by this device, in the contrast between the two women, for instance, and in the creation of a cause of difference between husband and wife, it cannot be said that the work gains in effectiveness by it. Although the scene with the aunt at the close of the first act leads us to suppose that money difficulties are likely to beset the young couple, the second act gives no sign of anything of the kind having occurred. We are not quite so much surprised as, perhaps, we should be to find Gerald and Mrs. Sylvester continuing in close intimacy their collaboration in writing the work *The Ethics of Marriage*; but we are a little astonished, not so much at the fact as at the reason of Gerald's weariness of his wife. In the first act we have seen Margery loving, submissive, and devoted to a degree the long continuance of which might pall upon less fastidious creatures than this extremely self-satisfied hero. We are quite prepared to find that her extravagant and inopportune manifestations of affection bore him, as her innumerable *gaucheries* annoy and humiliate him; but there is no need that the laugh which jars upon him by reason of its inanity and frequent repetition should grate also upon the audience, who hear it for the first time, by reason of its harsh discordance; yet this is what happens. That Gerald should confide his repugnance to Mrs. Sylvester may be necessary for the ends of the dramatist, but it does not tend to raise the not too highly esteemed hero in our opinion; and, although the overhearing of the conversation by the wife is a legitimate device enough, the preparation of the *portière* scarcely comes within the definition of unobtrusive construction. On the other hand, the discovery of the swooning wife makes an effective curtain. The declaration of love by Mrs. Sylvester is, of course, the logical outcome of the situation. She, however, can hardly believe that Gerald is seriously in love with her, or he would never have confided to her his love for Margery, and, indeed, their relations up to that point indicate no more than that most dangerous association, a platonic friendship, the peril of which is neutralized by his affection for his wife and her loyalty to her cipher of a husband. The first indication of the possibility of such a state of things is given in the first few lines of the play, where Captain Sylvester finds photograph after photograph in Gerald's chambers and explains that he is "only Mrs. Sylvester's husband; that he belongs to her and not she to him," but the point is quickly dropped. The fault is that Mrs. Sylvester is too prominently labelled "New Woman," and, different as in some respects she is made to appear, she is far too closely associated with the three purely farcical creations of Mr. Grundy's fancy, the "New Women"—the puppets he sets up in order to knock them down again with merciless satire and contemptuous gibe. It is not a little curious to note that when the woman is wooing and the man is allowing himself to be courted the dialogue runs, though appropriately enough, as though the position of the sexes were completely reversed. In the middle of the second act Lady Wargrave repents of her animosity, and this leads up to the scene of the third act, her drawing-room, where, curiously, the New Women, whom she affects to despise, are invited, apparently the only guests, to meet Gerald and his wife. The scene between Margery and Mrs. Sylvester, in spite of its showy rhetoric, is powerful; but the occasion chosen for such a display is glaringly inappro-

priate, and the stage-management which brings the guests thronging in to hear the finish of what degenerates into a mere noisy wrangle is simply archaic in its character. The effect of a semi-public discussion of the kind between ladies is, to put it mildly, displeasing. The play is practically ended here. We learn, it is true, that, for some unexplained reason, Gerald thinks it is his duty to remain with Mrs. Sylvester, who has forsaken her husband on his account. Margery has left her husband and returned to her father's farm at Mapledurham, where Captain Sylvester follows her, to meet with a second repulse, and to be persuaded to return to his wife. The kindly interference of Lady Wargrave does the rest. In spite of its defects, the play is strongly and sympathetically written. With the exception of one or two long speeches, inserted, doubtless, for good reason, the serious dialogue is a model of what such dialogue should be, powerful, earnest, and direct, and the character of Margery, albeit not particularly new, is tenderly and sympathetically filled in. Generally speaking, the construction is admirable. While resenting the intrusion of the farcical element in the shape of the three New Women, we are bound to admit that the farce is of the very best. In womanly sincerity and in wifely submission Miss Winifred Emery left nothing to be desired. In the beginning of the second act the hoydenishness was too pronounced, and reminded us, in the wrong place, of her admirable performance, in the right place, in *Miss Tomboy*. It would be easy to say that Mr. Fred Terry's Cazenove was too loud, but it is a most ungrateful part, and Mr. Terry had to infuse into it a manliness and vigour which the author had denied it. It would be difficult to praise too highly the judgment and tact of Miss Alma Murray as Mrs. Sylvester, or the combined dignity, strength, and geniality of Miss Rose Leclercq's Lady Wargrave.

CHESS NOTES.

THE international tournaments at Leipsic—there is a Masters' and also a secondary (Haupt) tournament—will close what has been an exceptionally interesting year for all who take an interest in chess. Its most notable event was the match for the championship, ending in the triumph of the youngest chess Master over the veteran Steinitz. Arrangements are not yet complete for the return match, to which the defeated champion is, of course, entitled. It will probably be played early in 1895, and we may expect that Lasker will not unnecessarily delay his definite acceptance of the challenge which he has received. The English Masters, though they have been busy enough in various ways, have had few opportunities of advancing their reputation by match or tournament. The South of England amateurs won a decisive victory in April over the North, in a contest of one hundred and eight a side; and the League Competition amongst the London clubs left the Metropolitan at the head of the list for the year.

The American championship, so far as that can be said to have depended on the recent Buffalo tournament of the New York Chess Association, has been secured by Showalter, who defeated Pillsbury by half a game, Pillsbury having previously won a set match against Hodges. The first prize in the Dutch tournament, played in August, was won by Loman, a young player of great achievement and promise, who, though a Hollander by birth, is English by residence. Dr. Tarrasch fully maintains his lead amongst German, or at any rate amongst South-German, players of the newer school; and his easy win against Walbrodt, coupled with his drawn match against Tsigorin last December, should encourage him to try his strength against Steinitz and Lasker.

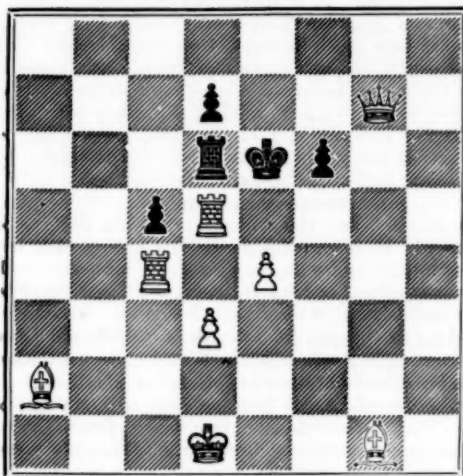
The Masters' tournament at Leipsic brings together fifteen men of the first class, including Blackburne, Mason, and Teichmann from England, Tarrasch, Walbrodt, Mieses, Berger (who is also a distinguished composer of problems), and Lipke. The Haupt tournament has attracted two, if not more than two, of our best-known players of the second rank—Loman and Trenchard having entered the lists. And, whilst the record of 1893-4 is being closed by this interesting event, the new year's fixtures are already being arranged by the leading London clubs, which will have made good progress in their annual competitions before Christmas is upon us.

The problems printed on August 25 were respectively a

weak and a strong example of the American school of composers. The first of these, a mate in two, is solved by its author with pawn to king's fifth. No mate is actually threatened by this move, which, indeed, leaves Black more

A MATE IN TWO.

BLACK—5 Pieces.

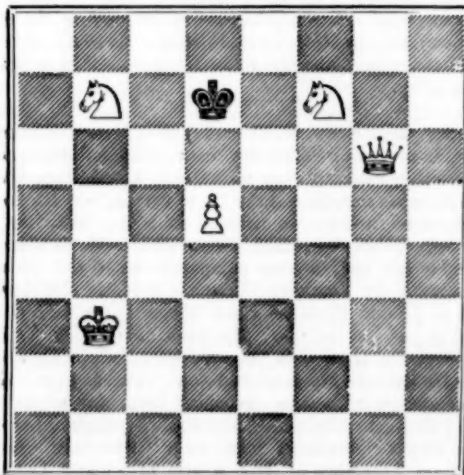


WHITE—8 Pieces.

free than he was before. The king had no moves originally, but now he has two. If he takes one rook, he is mated by the other, which captures a pawn and discovers check. If he moves to bishop's fourth, he is mated by the queen on knight's fourth. Black's alternatives are to move the rook, when queen mates, or to take the pawn, when rook mates, or to advance his own pawn, when rook takes rook and mates. All this is pretty, and in very good form, but unluckily the composer did not see or provide against a second mate in two, and that an ugly one, beginning with the capture of Black's pawn by the bishop. Now, if rook moves queen mates, and if pawn moves rook mates, and there is an end of it; whilst two or three pieces could be dispensed with. This "cook" would be avoided by placing another Black pawn on knight's third, with a White pawn to obstruct it—which would not interfere with the true solution given above. (C. T. S., A. C. W., Ina.)

A MATE IN THREE.

BLACK—1 Piece.



WHITE—5 Pieces.

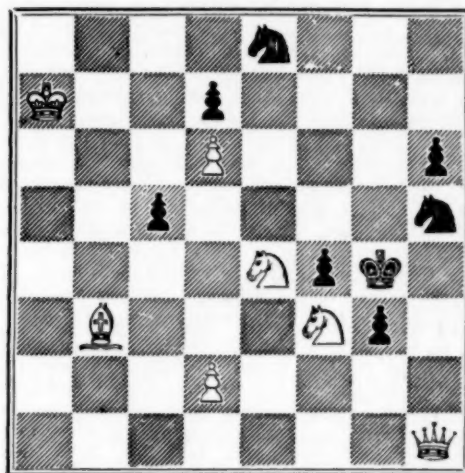
The mate in three, by W. Pulitzer, is simple, sound, and symmetrical without elaboration. Though simple, it is not particularly easy. The key-move is queen to king's knight's square—the only square from which the queen on her next move can transfer herself to knight's seventh or rook's seventh, according to need. This key-move would not be likely to occur to a solver until he had imagined a mating position from one or other of these two squares on White's seventh rank. The queen on her second move backs up whichever knight Black has chosen to approach;

and the mate will be by discovery, knight to queen's sixth. (Solutions by C. T. S., A. C. W., Broad Oak, Ina, J. McRobert, W. and G. H. Pollock, D. T., and others.)

We add a three-mover which repays the trouble of solving. Is there anything superfluous about it?

A MATE IN THREE.

BLACK—8 Pieces.



WHITE—7 Pieces.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE RUPEE DEBT CONVERSION.

THE Indian Government is to be congratulated on the skill and success with which the conversion of the Rupee Debt has been carried out so far. Many circumstances combined to favour the operation. Among these may be noted the extraordinary cheapness of money both in India and here at home, the scarcity and dearness of sound securities, the slackness of trade all over the world, and the revival of speculation. The quarrel between China and Japan also aided the operation. Previously it had been feared that the closing of the Indian mints would give both China and Japan an advantage over India in competition in the European markets. The breaking out of the war changed the feeling, and now hopes are entertained that the trade of both belligerents will be thrown out of gear, and that thus India may be enabled to hold her old position. The rise in silver, too, has had its influence. But, when all these favourable circumstances are taken into account, it remains to be acknowledged that the Government has conducted the conversion with very great skill. Since the closing of the mints there have been accumulated in the Indian treasuries about 10 crores of rupees in excess of what has been usually held for years past. It may be well to state, for the benefit of those who are not well acquainted with Indian monetary terms, that a crore is 10 millions of rupees, and consequently was equal to a million sterling when the rupee was worth two shillings. Now, of course, it is not greatly above half as much. The Government, having so large a sum unemployed at its disposal, decided to call in and pay off one loan, and to give an option to the holders of some other loans to convert or not as they pleased. This was prudent, because the money in the treasuries enabled the Government to deal with a single loan, while those who were offered an option need not be paid off if they declined to avail themselves of it. To the surprise of everybody, all but about 2 crores of the first loan chosen for conversion was actually converted, so that what remained to be redeemed did not trench very deeply upon the moneys in the treasuries. There seems to be no doubt that the Government chose the first loan with great judgment. Here in London there is scarcely any market at all for the new Three and a Half per Cents, and though there is a market in India, there has been very little selling. Furthermore, the voluntary conversions of other loans were greatly in excess of what had been generally anticipated. From this the inference seems to be clear that the greater part of the loan was

either held by Government departments or by persons who were under the influence of the Government. Having succeeded so far, the Government proceeded to call in a second loan for conversion or redemption, again giving an option to convert to the holders of some other loans. The response in both these cases was even more surprising than in the first instance. The whole Rupee, or silver, debt of the Indian Government amounts in round figures to 100 crores; and, according to a statement issued by the India Office last week, about 66 crores, or something like two-thirds of the whole, had then been converted. It was almost a matter of course that, having succeeded so far beyond its expectations, the Indian Government should call in a third loan, and should again give an option to the holders of other loans. If this third operation succeeds as well as the two that preceded it, practically the conversion of the whole silver debt of India may be said to be completed. In any case, the smooth way in which the transaction has been carried on so far is highly creditable to the Indian Government, and is very fortunate for it. It reduces the charge of the debt, and reduces the heavy deficit which the Indian Government has to face. But there is another side to the shield. The financial embarrassments of the Indian Government chiefly arise out of the fact that it has to pay in gold in London 17 or 18 millions sterling every year, while it collects its revenue in silver; and when changing the silver into gold the loss by exchange, as it is called, is enormously heavy. Therefore, the wise policy of the Indian Government clearly is to borrow, when it must borrow, as much as it possibly can by any means in India, in silver, and to avoid borrowing in gold in London as far as circumstances will permit. But clearly the more it reduces the interest on the silver debt the less attractive does it make Rupee-paper to Indian capitalists, whether native or European; and, consequently, the more difficult does it make borrowing in India. So that, while the success of the Government is gratifying in many ways, it has this one great drawback—that it throws the Indian Government more and more upon the London market for such loans as it may require.

The supply of loanable capital in the open market continues as excessive as ever, and there is no material increase in the demand; consequently, rates are practically unchanged. It is true that a demand for gold for Germany has sprung up, but it is not likely to be very large; and, unless something untoward unexpectedly happens, everything points to a long continuance of the present ease. Indeed, trade must improve greatly, and new enterprise must be entered into upon a large scale, before the present abundance of money can come to an end.

The India Council on Wednesday offered, as usual, for tender 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and the applications amounted to about 70 lakhs. The full 40 were disposed of at prices slightly over, on an average, 1s. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per rupee. The price is about an eighth of a farthing per rupee lower than last week, and the applications were far less numerous. But, upon the whole, the result of the tenders is very satisfactory. The feeling is growing that, if the Council maintains its present policy of small offers, it will be able to sell all through the slack season; and that when trade becomes active, towards the end of the year, it ought to be able to obtain much better prices. That will largely depend, however, upon whether there are large sales of the converted Rupee-paper from London. At present there is much more selling than there had been up to the end of last week, and, if that goes on, the Rupee-paper sold will compete with the Council's drafts, and so reduce the price of the latter. Silver is somewhat lower, the price fluctuating just now between 30d. and 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. The expected demand for China and Japan has not sprung up, so far at all events, but still the belief is general that, if the war lasts, there must be a very great demand ultimately for the metal.

Speculation has undoubtedly been less active this week. Not only in London, however, but upon the Continent also, there has been a further and remarkable rise in the very best securities; which means, we are glad to say, that investors have taken the lessons of the past four years to heart, and have refused to follow the lead of the speculators. Consols are practically as high as they were at the end of last

week, although the buyer now is not entitled to the interest to be paid at the beginning of next month, whereas last week he would have been entitled to it. In the same way Indian Sterling Threes practically rose in a few hours as much as the deducted interest. In Paris French Threes are at a premium of about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, and German Threes are at 94. It is confidently predicted, indeed, that German and Prussian Threes will before long reach par. There has been much buying of these two securities by great London capitalists, and an application has been made to the Stock Exchange Committee for a quotation here. It is expected to be granted next week, and much is hoped from it. The Home Railway market, however, is weaker, owing to a rather disappointing dividend announcement by the Caledonian Railway Company, and the issue of a new stock for rather more than a million. Caledonian has fallen sharply, and the whole market has felt the effect. But it will be only temporary. In the present abundance of money, and with the prospect of better trade, Home Railway stocks must hold their own. There has been an active speculation in Argentine securities. A syndicate of capitalists has bought from the Baring estate a quarter of a million of the Buenos Ayres Waterworks securities, and taken an option for another quarter of a million. If the option is exercised, the average price will be about 60 per cent. This, in the opinion of the market, practically secures the Baring guarantors against loss, and makes it very probable that there will be a considerable surplus for the Baring estate when all liabilities are discharged. As soon as the transaction became known, there was very active speculation in all kinds of Argentine securities; but the rise has not been fully maintained. In Brazil the state of siege has been raised, and the reports respecting trade are very favourable; while the exchange has improved. In the United States trade is undoubtedly better than it was before the passing of the Tariff Act; but the more judicious people are now coming to see that the Tariff Act will not make such a difference as was expected, and that, until confidence revives and the currency is put in order, there can be no real return of prosperity. Speculation has somewhat weakened, therefore, in New York and other great American cities, and this has discouraged operations here in London.

Trade is gradually improving. The railway traffic returns all over Great Britain are very satisfactory. Of course, it is to be recollected that the coal strike had disorganized trade at this time last year; but still the returns are good. There is more active business in Germany also as a consequence of the commercial convention with Russia, and generally all over the Continent there is a decidedly better feeling. Trade is likewise improving in South America; but in the United States there is still very great depression; and the news from Australia is far from encouraging.

Rupee-paper closed on Thursday at 58 $\frac{3}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{3}{4}$, the fall being due to considerable selling during the week. But Indian Government Sterling securities have been very firm. So have all Home Government securities; and so, likewise, have Colonial. Thus, Canadian Three and a Half closed on Thursday at 107, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Victorian Three and a Half closed at 99 $\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Cape of Good Hope Three and a Half closed at 109 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 1. In the Home Railway market, as said above, there has been a heavy fall in Caledonian. The Undivided stock closed on Thursday at 125, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 6 $\frac{1}{2}$; and generally the Home Railway market has either given way or remained stationary. But South-Western closed on Thursday at 193, a rise of 1; and Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 111 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American department there has not been very much change. Good securities are in fairly good demand, and are somewhat higher. Speculative securities have been bought on no considerable scale; but the shares of Companies which are well managed, and which, though not paying dividends at present, have still a prospect, are higher. Thus, Baltimore and Ohio shares closed on Thursday at 79 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of as much as 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. Such shares, however, are not fit for the investor proper. Mexican Railway Company's stocks are lower on the fall in silver and the rash speculation. Thus the Ordinary stock closed on Thurs-

day at $17\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 2 compared with the preceding Thursday, and the First Preference stock closed at $74\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{4}$. Argentine Railway stocks are generally higher. Central Argentine closed at $68\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 104, a rise of 2; the Four per Cents of 1886 closed at $67\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{4}$; and the Funding Bonds closed at $72\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{3}{4}$. Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 79, a rise of 2; Bulgarian Six per Cents closed at $101\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; and Chilian Fives closed at $98\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of as much as 3. In the inter-Bourse department nearly all securities dealt in on the Paris Bourse are higher. Thus French Rentes closed in London on Thursday at $103\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Russian Fours closed at $102\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; and Spanish Fours closed at $68\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$.

REVIEWS.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.

Calendar of Letters and State Papers relating to English Affairs preserved principally in the Archives of Simancas. Vol. II. *Elizabeth*, 1569-1579. Edited by MARTIN A. S. HUME, F.R.Hist.S. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1894.

THIS volume of the *Calendar of State Papers* covers a period of extraordinary interest and importance. It gives the history of the relations of Elizabeth's Government with Spain during the ten years from 1568 to 1579. These words do not, however, accurately describe the scope of the documents. The Queen's relations with Spain were practically the whole of her foreign affairs. France was weak, and its Court was, if not wholly dependent on the King of Spain, at least at no time able to follow an independent policy of which he disapproved. In the Low Countries the Queen had to deal with King Philip's Viceroy. Her relations with Germany and Italy were trifling, and there also the Spanish influence was predominant. Even in her dealings with Scotland the Queen had to take the King of Spain and his agents into account. The action of the Inquisition in imprisoning Englishmen in Spain, and the question of the right of free navigation to America were constant sources of dispute between the countries. Add to this that Queen Mary's flight from Scotland and the beginning of her imprisonment in England fall within these years. Mary did her best to interest the Spanish King in her cause, and found both help and sympathy from his agents. Philip's diplomatists were constantly appealed to by the English Roman Catholics, and were encouraged to listen to them by their master. Assertions may occasionally be heard to the effect that religion had little or nothing to do with the final quarrel between Elizabeth and Philip. Yet as far back as 1569 the King is found writing to his Viceroy in the Low Countries, the famous (or infamous, as some would say) Duke of Alva, in reference to a report from his Ambassador, Don Guerau de Spes, that "a good opportunity . . . now presents itself to remedy religious affairs in that country by deposing the present Queen, and giving the crown to the Queen of Scotland, who would immediately be joined by all the Catholics." The King's comment on his Ambassador's report is significant:—

'It will be well for you to inquire what foundation there is for this, and what success would probably attend such a design, as, if there is anything in it, I should be glad to carry it out; as it appears to me that, after my special obligation to maintain my own States in our holy faith, I am bound to make every effort in order to restore and preserve it in England as in former times. If there is any foundation for the suggestion, no time more opportune than the present could be found for carrying it out, and, in order not to miss it, I have thought it well to refer to you. If you think the chance will be lost by again waiting to consult me, you may at once take the steps you may consider advisable in conformity with this, my desire and intention, which would certainly give me great pleasure.'

It is impossible not to see in this the great original cause which finally drove Elizabeth, reluctant as she was to help rebels and heretics, to take up the defence of the Dutch States, and make herself the head of Protestant Europe. Religion may not have been quoted as the pretext of the breach with Spain: but it was the knowledge Elizabeth and her Ministers had of the use King Philip would make of the Low Countries for the purpose of forwarding "our holy faith," if ever his power there was restored, which drove her to take the steps which made the breach inevitable.

The immense mass of facts or rumours, which for the purpose of the historian are often hardly less useful than facts, recorded

in the 711 large pages of this volume, cannot even be briefly summarized within the scope of a review. Mr. Hume's admirable introduction will show the main lines of the complicated transactions of these eventful ten years. They begin with the expulsion of Elizabeth's Ambassador, John Man, from "this Court" (*esta Corte*)—that is, the town of Madrid—for speaking disrespectfully on religion. They end in the middle of the delusive negotiations for the Alençon marriage. Between the two had come the seizure of the Spanish treasure which was on its way to the Duke of Alva; the flight of Mary from Scotland; her first trial, if we may call the inquiry before the Council by that name; the death of Moray; the establishment of Morton's government in Scotland; the first participation of Englishmen, with the hardly disguised approbation of Elizabeth, in the Low Country wars; the voyages of Hawkins, Drake, and Frobisher to America; the Roman Catholic plots and risings. All these events, and many more, appear in the letters of the Spanish agents, or in the correspondence between the King and the Viceroy in the Low Countries, Alva and Requesens. It must be allowed that neither Elizabeth nor Philip showed conspicuous judgment in the choice of their Ambassadors. There was something strange in the Queen's choice of Dr. John Man, the Dean of Gloucester, who had been expelled from New College on suspicion of heresy, to represent her at Madrid of all places in Europe. The selection was little less than a deliberate offence to Philip. The King's summary dismissal of the Ambassador after a residence of about a year at his Court was a step which would, in any case, have cost him dear. It bitterly angered Elizabeth and Cecil, and had clearly not a little to do with provoking them to thwart the King in every way they could. But, bad as the business was, Philip did his best to make its consequences worse by selecting Don Guerau (i.e. Gerald) de Spes to succeed his then ambassador in London, Don Diego de Guzman. Don Diego was tired of his post, which was a costly one, and played artfully for his recall by representing to the King the danger of a prolonged residence among heretics to the orthodoxy of a Spanish gentleman and his servants. But Don Diego was admirably fitted to the place by his fine courtly manners, which made him a favourite with Elizabeth, and the tact which enabled him to manage Cecil. It is to be noted that Don Diego's references to the Queen of Scots are singularly cool and unsympathetic. Guerau de Spes was a hot-headed Catalan fanatic, with all the rude obstinacy of his people. He at once began to intrigue with Mary, and very speedily put himself in the wrong. Then the Queen played Philip a return match for the expulsion of Dr. Man by putting his Ambassador under arrest. When Don Guerau was out of the way the management of Spanish affairs in England was left to an informal agent, Antonio de Guaras, a weak man, of whom Cecil made a tool till the time came for putting him also into prison. Bernardino de Mendoza, who was at last sent as Ambassador, was a very different man, a light-cavalry soldier of distinction, a writer on war, and a keen man of the world of great experience. He had, as he told the secretary of the King, Zayas, learnt to keep his temper "in the school of the Duke of Alva," an expression which may puzzle those who do not remember that Alva was a cautious soldier, who held that whereas any blockhead may win a victory by a fluke, only a real general can manoeuvre his enemy out of the field without giving him a chance to fight.

The affair of the seizure of the Spanish treasure fills a very large part of this volume. Mr. Hume excellently summarizes the endless negotiations to which it gave rise. The story is eminently characteristic of both parties. Although Philip knew that the Channel was swarming with pirates, had been repeatedly warned of the "tendency of this people" (to wit the English) "to rob," and although he had good cause to know that he could not rely on the effectual help of Elizabeth, he persisted in sending his money in little vessels incapable of offering resistance. Alva told him that two well-appointed galleons could defy all the pirates in the Channel, and it is more than probable that two such ships, commanded by Juan Martinez de Recalde or by Oquendo, would have carried the money in safety to Antwerp. But Philip wanted apparently to save a little expense. He paid for his penny-wise economy when his little packets were hunted into Southampton and Plymouth by pirates, and his treasure was seized by the Queen. The act was one which cannot be justified on any grounds, except by "the reason of State." England and Spain were nominally at peace, but were in reality engaged in a war of intrigue and counter-intrigue, varied by armed attacks on one another, made by disavowable and disavowed agents. The taking of the money was Elizabeth's counter-stroke to the Spanish King's intrigues with the Roman Catholics and the Queen of Scots. The English Government played its game with audacity and success. The loss of money reduced Philip, who

was always in financial difficulties, to impotence. He could only write feebly to the Duke of Alva asking whether he could not do something effectual; but the terrible Viceroy was at his wits' end himself between mutinous troops and heretic rebels. It must also be acknowledged that Elizabeth had by far the easier game to play. The natural irresolution of Philip's character was at that time increased by the innumerable calls upon his resources from the Levant, France, the Low Countries, and America.

The affairs of the Low Countries, of which this business of the seizure of the treasure was only a part, figure on every other page of this volume. It is curious to notice how Elizabeth was little by little forced into open intervention. At first the ambassadors speak only of the sympathy shown by the English heretics for the Flemish. Subscriptions are raised, largely by the clergy, and individuals go over to join the Prince of Orange. The Queen's Government makes a pretence of repressing the manifestations of hostility to a friendly prince. Even at this stage, however, Elizabeth seems to have made the most of every excuse for complaining of Philip. Thus, she almost made a State matter of Gonzalo de Illescas's *Pontifical and Catholic History*, which contained matter personally offensive to her. Don Diego de Guzman had need of all his tact to quiet her anger. He was provoked by the English complaint to say that, if he made a grievance and wrote to his King "of all the scurrilous things they say in this country about his Royal person, he should have to write nearly every day." "I said," he goes on, "that great princes, as they could not shut everybody's mouth, had to content themselves with doing their duty, and taking no notice." But Elizabeth had her grievance, and was resolute to make the most of it. The literary vanity of Dr. Gonzalo de Illescas must have been intensely flattered if he ever learnt how much trouble his *Pontifical and Catholic History* was destined to give Don Diego. Later, the English Government, as it became acquainted with the real weakness of Philip, grew more open in its support of the insurgents of the Low Countries, till at last the Queen read King Philip, in 1577, a lecture on his sins to his subjects. It is rather amusing to compare his answer in the instructions given to Don Bernardino de Mendoza. He insists much on his kindness to his misguided subjects of the Low Countries, and is sure that, if his dear sister of England will look at the facts, she will see that unpleasantnesses have only arisen because bad people have led them from the straight path. Elizabeth's course all through was thoroughly characteristic. It is obvious that she was very loth to help rebels, and we know that she detested the religious principles of the Protestant Netherlands. But, in her fear of Philip, she was prepared to help them underhand, provided she could do it in a way she could disavow, if necessary. The force of circumstances compelled her to take an open part; but it was against the grain. Indeed, if anybody thinks that the English Government was more scrupulous than the Spanish in its choice of means, we recommend him to read the documents in this volume, which show how freely Cecil made use of *agents provocateurs* in order to worm out the secrets of Antonio de Guaras and the Roman Catholic plotters, and how coolly he lied when taxed with giving help to the King of Spain's rebels. The fact is that both sides played the same game, but that the English played with more judgment and consistency of aim; and also, we may add, with many circumstances in their favour. The success of Philip would have been a disaster, but it is none the less the case that he was beaten by his own arts. There are many notices of the English Roman Catholics, and of the vexations to which they were subjected. To judge from a story told of Roper, More's son-in-law, it appears that they were generally able to escape by paying light fines, and taking oaths which they explained away to themselves in a manner the reverse of ingenuous. Notices of piracy are numerous, and always to the effect that it was rampant, and that the Queen's Government tolerated it. We find mention of an account sent by the King of Spain giving his version of the attack on Hawkins at San Juan de Ulloa. This is a document which it would be interesting to possess, but it is not given—at least in this volume—and is, we presume, lost.

SIR THOMAS MUNRO.

Rulers of India—Sir Thomas Munro and the British Settlement of the Madras Presidency. By JOHN BRADSHAW, M.A., LL.D., Inspector of Schools, Madras. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1894.

THOMAS MUNRO was never a diplomatist like Elphinstone or Malcolm; but he was a great administrator and he served with distinction in more than one campaign. Probably he will be best known to posterity as the author of a system of land revenue the very opposite to that of the Upper or the Lower

Ganges. From the earliest administration of the East India Company there has always been a fierce battle over the best way of assessing and collecting the public revenue derivable from land. Lord Cornwallis thought he had found a solution in giving permanent status to farmers of the revenue, and by stereotyping the privileges of territorial magnates like the Rajas of Nattore, Bishenpur, and Darbhanga. Afterwards the village communities found their supporters in such experts as Robert Bird and James Thomason. Between these two rival schools there arose a third, at the head of which stands Munro. Many and long were the paper controversies between the upholders of the Talukdar, of the co-parcenary communities, and of the individual Rayat. Nothing, indeed, could be more impolitic than to place all the agriculturists in North, Central, or Southern India under one legislative harrow. Yet this was actually attempted in the Madras Presidency, where at one time it was imagined that the revenue might be collected by huge Talukdars of the genuine Bengal type. From this we were saved by the example of Munro, by the inherent defects of the Cornwallis system and, finally, by the habitual caution of the Court of Directors. It must be remembered that acrimonious as were these controversies, the combatants were almost always agreed on one main point. There may have been disputes as to different revenue systems, and as to the respective merits of the judicial and the revenue line, so amusingly illustrated by Sir George Trevelyan—*O si sic omnia*—in his comedy of the *Dawk Bungalow*, now more than thirty years old. The Collector of the North-West Provinces, who was encamped for four months amongst Jats and Kurmis and knew all the difficulties about rents and payments, might sneer at his contemporary in Lower Bengal who never asked any questions about defaulting landlords, but calmly put up the estate to public auction if the State dues were not forthcoming by sunset on a certain date. Both of these excellent officers might unite in denouncing Bombay as backward and Madras as "benighted." But all four were agreed that they were sent to India to govern it. If they wrangled about Settlements, regular and summary, perpetual or for thirty years; if they thought the civil procedure cumbrous and the criminal legislation insufficient and weak; if they wished, or did not wish, to employ native talent in higher posts and to select suitable candidates out of an assemblage of mere clerks or policemen; they would most probably have derided any idea of making over independent executive functions to Hindus and Muhammadans, while none but Englishmen officered the British and native regiments, and civilians only reserved to themselves some few well-paid places as Commissioners of division, Secretaries, and Judges of the Superior Courts. The author of this memoir quotes a saying of Munro's to the effect that you must carry the natives along with you and "give them a share in your feelings, which can only be done by sharing theirs." Quite so; but Munro would never have consented to displace the Englishman in favour of the Baboo.

Thomas Munro was a Scotchman, the son of a Glasgow merchant. He was not of ancient lineage like Mount Stuart Elphinstone, or like Malcolm the son of a landed proprietor in one of the wildest valleys of the South of Scotland. But he had all the best qualities of his race. Vigorous in frame, sound in judgment, rapid in conception and execution, capable of any amount of work in the field or at the desk, a good historian and a good linguist, he was just the man to win the confidence of the native population and to make them believe he was a Divine Avatar. Like Archbishop Whately, Dr. Arnold, and Dean Stanley, he thoroughly enjoyed the *Waverley Novels*, and in all the temptations and trials of Indian exile he seems to have lived a life of singular simplicity and purity. His public career in this memoir is divided into four parts. For the first twelve years he saw a good deal of active service in our campaigns against Haidar and Tipu. He was not actually present at the final reduction of Seringapatam, having been selected by Lord Cornwallis for civil duties in what was then known as the Baramahal. There, and in Kanara, and in the Ceded Districts, he acquired a familiarity with village customs, agriculture, wet and dry crops, rents, rights, exemptions, and privileges such as, if equalled, was not surpassed by the best men of the school of Lawrence and Montgomery. Some minds may be appalled and others may be fascinated by a system under which the British Government is a universal landlord, collecting rents from millions of cultivators in a dozen or more splendid districts. How this difficulty is overcome, and how the revenue is punctually paid, is not explained in this memoir as fully as we could have wished. It is, however, correctly stated that the Rayat is not subjected to the worry and annoyance of an annual Settlement. His distinct holding is registered. He is recognized as its proprietor; he can sublet, transfer, or mortgage it at plea-

sure; and when the Collector comes round the Rayat has only to say whether he wishes to add to or diminish the land for which he is responsible. More, we repeat, might have been made of this portion of Munro's career, and some of the episodes which must have occurred in the pacification of a country rescued from the savage rule of Haidar would have imparted life and colour to the biography. Munro managed to return twice to England during his service. After his first holiday, which lasted for six years, he was sent out as President of a Judicial Commission, to inquire into the administration of justice and the conduct of the police. It is an old story familiar to experts in any Indian Presidency. The police were corrupt and inefficient. The Civil Procedure was cumbersome. The native judges were ill paid. The English judge was sometimes ignorant of the internal economy of the village. That Munro effected some valuable reforms we do not doubt; but he had to encounter obstruction from the older race of civilians, and even from the Governor of Madras, whom he eventually succeeded. At the close of this inquiry Munro was given a command in the Maratha and Pindari campaign of 1817. It was not as high as he hoped for, but it gave him an opportunity of showing how much could be done by a small force, well disciplined and well commanded. Indeed, we are confident that had he not been so constantly employed in civil duties, he might have risen to eminence as a strategist and conqueror. Canning was not wrong in describing him as both statesman and soldier; and it is interesting to know that Arthur Wellesley thought it desirable to have Munro's opinion on the "operations" which "led," as Mr. Gladstone might have said, to the battle of Argaum. Wellesley's letter and Munro's candid opinion fill more than nine pages of print.

The fourth and last period of Munro's career was passed as Governor of Madras. Here he was enabled to give valuable aid to Lord Amherst in the first Burmese war by "the despatch of troops, boats, transport, and supplies," and his Minutes on various important questions, social and civil, show that he was fully alive to the dangers and trials which must beset all English rulers. He was all for the employment of Englishmen and natives in the duties for which they were respectively fitted, for maintaining indigenous institutions and usages, for giving natives better pay and higher offices and everything that can be conceded "without endangering our ascendancy," for the retention of all military power in our own hands, and for education, although he had not the smallest hope that the character of the Hindu would thereby be elevated and changed. To the mischief of a free and unfettered native press he was keenly alive, and altogether he seems to have been guided in his public measures by the kindest feelings to the native population, by a just estimate of their good and bad qualities, and by a firm determination to retain the upper hand. It is no disparagement of his seven years' administration, marked by divers sound and solid measures, to say that had he never ruled at Guindy his memory would have been equally cherished by a vast community. Lord Northbrook lately made the pertinent remark that once outside the Maratha ditch or the Island of Bombay, and the ordinary native you meet will not be able to tell you the name of the Viceroy, of the Governor, or the Commander-in-Chief. To the Rayat the embodiment of British supremacy is the Magistrate-Collector. We are not surprised to hear that natives in the Ceded Districts still call their boys after Munro; that in one place he is styled a Rishi or saint; and that the highest compliment that can be paid to a modern civilian is to compare him to Munro Sahib.

The death of the compiler of this memoir, in January 1894, must influence our criticism on the quality of his work. Mr. Bradshaw has written clearly and concisely, after considerable research and with a judicious use of ample materials. But we cannot help wishing that the biography had been entrusted to some civilian of practical experience in difficult revenue and judicial questions and in the general science of our Government. We could name at least one Madras public servant who would have given us, not perhaps a more accurate, but a more lively picture of the Scotchman who established a system by which a paternal British Government is landlord of some millions of Hindu feuars.

A MILITARY HISTORY OF ROME.

A History of Rome to the Battle of Actium. By EVELYN SHIRLEY SHUCKBURGH, M.A., late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Author of a Translation of Polybius, &c. With Maps and Plans. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE school of writers who taught us that kings and princes and ministers are naught while the people is everything, that wars are but disagreeable or discreditable episodes unworthy

of more than passing notice, and that the only matters deserving serious study are the social development of a race and the growth of representative institutions, enjoyed for some time so marked an ascendancy that it is refreshing to come upon a work like Mr. Shuckburgh's *History of Rome*, which dwells mainly, if not exclusively, on the military records of the most fighting nation in history. The author, who winds up with the battle of Actium, complains of having to compress the annals of seven centuries within some eight hundred pages, and he has only been able, it appears, to do justice to the warlike achievements of Rome by condensing, within the least possible compass, the political and constitutional topics which have almost engrossed the attention of some of his predecessors. That is at once the merit and the limitation of his work. It cannot be regarded as a complete history of Rome; it wants to be supplemented by more detailed explanations and discussions of the domestic events—the evolution, sometimes gradual and at other times rapid, the revolutions and reactions—which account for the fascination that Roman history exercises on those who have neither taste nor aptitude for the comprehension of wars and battles. Of Sulla and Caesar, as men of war, we are presented by Mr. Shuckburgh with adequate likenesses; but of Sulla the Reactionary and Caesar the Democratic Tory, we obtain from these pages no more than a glimpse, while the Gracchi and Cicero are but faint and fleeting images. What we are told of the political changes at successive epochs is, no doubt, correct and quite up to the modern ideas of Roman history; but in emphasis, as well as in bulk, such topics are treated as if they were but second-rate in importance. Mr. Shuckburgh has, no doubt, been working in the right direction; history, after all, is history, not a string of illustrations for political philosophy. But he has gone, we think, a little too far in this practical protest of his against the method of the dissertation-and-discussion school. In the subsequent and enlarged edition which will, no doubt, be called for, it is for him to consider whether he should fill out and lay stress upon subjects which he has at present attenuated or minimized. As a book for boys—the best boys in a good school—this *History of Rome* is admirable in the thoroughness and thoughtfulness with which it expounds the conquering mission of the Senate and People of Rome.

The other, and hardly a less merit, is the lucidness and attractiveness of the style. Mr. Shuckburgh writes like a modern war correspondent who had enjoyed a liberal education. Of Claudius Marcellus, a great soldier, if not a great man, he says that his merits were very early depreciated because he belonged to a school that was already old-fashioned. He was rough, he was cruel, and he did not dabble in art and letters; his trade was fighting, and he understood it. If he did not beat Hannibal, he always managed to avoid defeat himself. "If he did not win a Zama, neither did he lose a Cannæ. A Roman general who in a contest with Hannibal left the result only doubtful did in effect win a victory. For to Hannibal time and impression were everything. If he was to have any hope of keeping his position in Italy, his career of victory must be unbroken. Every month which saw him at a standstill encouraged cities to fall off, diminished an army which was hardly ever recruited from home, and brought him nearer to the end of his resources. Certainly the so-called victory on the third day's fighting at Canusium was such that the victor had to let the conquered general move off unopposed, and was obliged to shut himself up within walls for the remainder of the season. Still, Hannibal did withdraw for the time, and made no further attack. He had destroyed no Roman army and gained no fresh adherent."

As to the pass in the Alps by which Hannibal entered Italy Mr. Shuckburgh declares that we cannot reach absolute confidence. But he strongly inclines to the theory that the Carthaginian general "crossed the Isère, and continued to ascend the Rhone to a point somewhat above Vienne, and thence commenced the ascent with the Mont du Chat, following a track which would lead him over the Little St. Bernard into the Val d'Aosta." This, Mr. Shuckburgh thinks, was the view of Polybius, whose authority he treats with deserved respect, and who counts for much more than Livy. For Livy does not appear to have had any personal familiarity with the region. Polybius, it is true, has not described the pass in such a way as to insure recognition; but "this is not very wonderful if we reflect what a crossing of the Alps must have been before mountain roads were made, and without maps or compass." Another point which Mr. Shuckburgh makes is, that Hannibal did not eventually follow the track which he had originally selected. He had therefore to trust to strange guides instead of those whom he had brought with him, and the difficulties he encountered proved greater than he had anticipated. "The presence of Scipio near Marseilles was unexpected, and

caused him to go further north, and his actual route seems to have been suggested by the Allobroges."

Mr. Shuckburgh avowedly bases his work on the ancient authorities, and though he wisely abstains from foot-notes that would make the book deterrent in appearance to all but the most earnest students, he has certainly increased its practical value by appending to each of his chapters the names of the classical writers who have been laid more or less under contribution, so that those who choose may refer to the original. With regard to the earlier history, partly traditional and partly legendary, he is not afraid of the imputation of credulousness. The great genius of Niebuhr is, he says, "almost a warning against the construction of history by arbitrary selection of what to believe or disbelieve among a number of facts resting on precisely the same authority," and he declines to follow Lewis and Ihne in their "summary rejection of all history up to, and often beyond, the time of Pyrrhus." The test of truth is not an author's idea of what is probable or improbable. "No doubt human nature is the same now as it was two thousand years ago; but human knowledge is not the same, and we must sometimes admit that men acted then as they would not act to-day." With a touch of gentle satire Mr. Shuckburgh adds that even now the unreasonableness of a measure is not a complete security against its being adopted.

Acting on the principle of judicious reserve thus laid down, Mr. Shuckburgh relates—without prejudice—the once accepted traditions of the early history of Rome, and, in default of an ascertained chronology, he assents to the canonical date for the foundation of the city. There is, he points out, a rough agreement—at least there is no great variety or wide discrepancy—in the calculations of the Greek and Roman antiquaries and annalists. The Greek reckoning was based on the coincidence of Roman events with the eponymous archons of Athens, the Olympian victors, or the priestesses of Here at Argos, or by reference to the fall of Troy; and the general result was to refer the foundation of Rome to B.C. 751, though Timæus put it in the thirty-eighth year before the first Olympiad (B.C. 813), while Polybius, "apparently on the authority of documents in the custody of the Pontifices," arrived at 751 as the date. The Romans, reckoning by the names of the Consuls, would have proceeded on more solid ground if it had not unfortunately happened that between the expulsion of Tarquin and the year 390 B.C. the *Fasti* were "neither certain nor regular." If 510 B.C. is accepted as the date of the *regifugium*, we get 754 B.C. Cato, on a different system, fixed on 752 B.C.; while Varro, followed by Cicero and Atticus, succeeded, for official as well as antiquarian purposes, in establishing the date as 753 B.C.

Mr. Shuckburgh does not (as why should he?) disdain to enliven his narrative with the characteristic stories handed down—some, perhaps, invented, and most of them, probably, improved—by the Latin writers. When the Temple of Jupiter, in the Capitol, was to be consecrated by the Consul Horatius, the friends of his colleague, Valerius—who was absent on the Veientine war—were annoyed that their patron should be deprived of his share in the honourable ceremony. They, therefore, had a message given to Horatius, just as he was about to utter the solemn prayer of consecration, that his son had died. Such was the stoicism of the hero—it was a virtue which the Romans admired perhaps more than they practised—that he "did not remove his hand or turn his face from the temple, but, bidding the messenger take an order back for his son's funeral, went on with the ceremony unmoved." The history which leaves out all these personal incidents—even if, like modern gossip about men and women of the day, they reflect the narrator's mind more than the character of the person they refer to—would be a tame and unsuggestive record.

There is no ready means of illustrating within a brief space—so we must ask our readers to take on testimony, until they can verify for themselves—the care and skill with which in the accounts of battles and wars the author has selected and arranged the materials he has taken from the ancient historians. They will see for themselves the literary art, and—we had almost written—the military insight which are employed in harmonizing what is discordant and in framing a continuous, intelligible, and always interesting story, in spite of the many difficulties presented and the numerous gaps left by writers who were occasionally careless, and often, by no fault of their own, unable to obtain authentic and first-hand information on the events they were describing.

There is one failing—on the whole an amiable failing—which asserts itself in Mr. Shuckburgh's work. He is over-apt to moralize without quite sufficient grounds to support his judgment. Speaking, for instance, of the severe and exceptional measures adopted by the Senate against the Catilinarian conspirators—who richly deserved all they got—he comments on it as a perilous

example in illegality. "The inviolability of a magistrate was set at naught in the person of Lentulus, by means of a forced abdication; the Senate had lent its authority to the Consul in breaking the law and usurping the functions of the Courts." Let that pass. But we are also told that "the time was soon to come when hundreds of these Optimates, and Cicero himself, were to reap as they had sown, and perish by the sword which they had drawn." Does Mr. Shuckburgh mean that, if these scoundrels had been more scrupulously or more timidly treated, they and their associates, when they had got the upper hand, would have returned the compliment by keeping strictly within the limits of the laws and the Constitution? Would Cicero's life have been spared by Antonius if the conspirators had been accorded the clemency demanded by Cæsar? If that is not Mr. Shuckburgh's meaning his moral falls to the ground; if it is, we recommend him to revise his judgment. Nor is this a solitary instance of somewhat hasty generalization. In writing about Appius Claudius Cæcus, he says that it is difficult to assign a motive for his policy, "as in the case of other aristocrats who promoted popular measures." The motives are clear enough, though they may be "mixed," and not altogether noble. Again, he writes of the system of domestic slavery at Rome as if it were one of unmixed cruelty, caprice, and oppression. The hardships and the injustice we have no desire to extenuate; but they were mitigated, not only by self-interest and public opinion, but in some degree by law, and greatly by the fact that the clever or deserving slave could, and often did, win his way to freedom. It was a hard lot in many cases, but it was not a hopeless one.

CHINA AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

China and her Neighbours. By R. S. GUNDRY. London: Chapman & Hall.

THIS work appeared at a most opportune moment. For many years no such interest has been aroused in the affairs of the extreme East as has been excited by late events. Every now and again a missionary or two has been murdered in China, but we have become so habituated to this expression of the anti-foreign hatred of the people, that, beyond a question or two in the House of Commons, no particular notice is taken of it; and the only person really disturbed by the circumstance is the unfortunate Minister of the Power concerned at Peking, who is bound for form's sake to protest against it, but who knows (and the Chinese are equally well-informed) that his instructions forbid his going beyond a paper remonstrance, and compel him to be content with the now well-recognized formula of a sum paid down to the relatives of the murdered man or men, and the punishment of some unfortunate coolie, who is put forward as the perpetrator of the crime.

But the onslaught of France on Siam in the first place, and the Korean war in the second, have aroused our susceptibilities. The seizure of a vast stretch of territory belonging to a friendly Power, and the threatened interference with the great mercantile route between Siam and South-Western China, have brought to our consciousness the danger of allowing France to have a free hand in territories where complete liberty of trade is so essential to our commerce. Mr. Gundry tells us once more how, since the reign of Louis XVI., the French have never ceased to dream of establishing an empire in the East, which might serve as a counterweight to our possessions in Asia. We will not follow Mr. Gundry in his account of the details connected with this proud aspiration. They are extremely interesting, and will well repay a careful study; but on the present occasion we will content ourselves with reminding our readers that, having established themselves in Saigon in 1859, the French extended their conquests to Tonquin, and eventually to the whole Empire of Annam. It might be thought that a territory extending over an area of more than 100,000 square miles might have satisfied even Gallic ambition. But, far from this being the case, it only whetted the appetite of the aggressors for further conquests.

In the East it is never difficult for a neighbouring Power to establish a right, doubtful or otherwise, to coveted territory. Boundaries are invariably ill defined, and titles to possession are sadly wanting in authentic accuracy. Between Annam and Siam lies the country of Cambodia, which is chiefly remarkable for the unwelcome tendencies of the people, and for the vast sculptural ruins which render interesting, though they can no longer adorn, the sites of cities which have passed away. This helpless kingdom has, like Belgium, been the battle-ground for its more powerful neighbours. At one time a Siamese army and at another the forces of Annam have overrun its peaceful fields and undefended cities. Each in turn has compelled it to assume the part of a tributary; and, like a shuttlecock, it has been thrown

alternately into the possession of the two Powers. Of late years the advantage has lain with Siam; and though Cambodia has periodically presented tribute at the Courts of Bangkok and Hué, no doubt has been raised as to the suzerainty of the King of Siam. In Asia the payment of tribute does not imply the same relative positions which the idea of the relationship conveys to us. Numberless instances might be given of nations having paid tribute to two or more powerful neighbours at the same time. Corea, for example, until lately, paid tribute both to Yedo and Peking, as did also the Lewchew Islands; but these double duties raised no difficulty when it became necessary to determine which influence should be supreme. When, therefore, the French found themselves in possession of Annam, they inherited an Empire which had no claim, either by right or by might, over Cambodia. The past relations of the two countries, however, furnished the French with an excuse which, as Siam was weak, they found convenient to adopt. By gradual encroachments they made themselves practically masters of the kingdom of King Norodom. In 1867 they established a protectorate over his realm, and in 1886 gave us an object lesson in Home Rule by granting that inestimable privilege to the Cambodian people. As if still further to instruct us in this policy, they kept the customs in their own hands, exactly as Mr. Gladstone proposes to do in the case of Ireland. Finality, under such a system, was impossible. Constant friction occurred between the French and the native authorities, and the consequent irritation was intensified by the efforts made by the King of Siam to preserve his sovereign rights over the neighbouring State. Like the will of Peter the Great, the scheme of establishing an empire in South-Eastern Asia has for two centuries haunted the dreams of French politicians and adventurers. It was the fact that French emissaries were intriguing at the Court of King Thebaw which precipitated our annexation of Upper Burma; and, influenced by the same spirit of reckless aggression, they were led to take the final step of incorporating Cambodia—a country occupying an area of over 32,000 square miles—with their new possessions.

But this was not all. Ever since the expedition of Monsieur Garnier up the Mekong River the idea has found favour with his countrymen that that river, like Tonquin and Annam, should become French property. For this idea there was no more justification than there would be for a claim to the Rhine from its source to its mouth on the part of either Germany or France. But right and equity have not largely entered into the calculations of the French in their dealings with the peoples of South-Eastern Asia. The fact that the Mekong might be made to form a valuable trade route to South-Western China was enough in their opinion to justify them in laying claim to it. In their Republico-Imperial eyes, however, the possession of the river would be comparatively valueless unless they were masters of at least one of its banks. That northward from Cambodia it ran through Siamese territory as far as the Chinese frontier in no way modified the French views and intentions. A river is notoriously an imperfect frontier, and although Annam possessed an ideal boundary in the shape of a lofty range of mountains which runs from its northern frontier to the extreme south, the French determined to substitute the river for it, and to make their own the plain which occupies the intervening territory. This plain belonged to Siam by an indefeasible right, and was garrisoned by troops from Bangkok. By no pretence, therefore, could France make out a plausible claim to it. Nor, to do them justice, did they attempt to do so. Might is always stronger than right, and the advance of French troops was the signal for the withdrawal of the Siamese outposts. Even the long-suffering Siamese felt, however, disinclined to yield place without some faint show of resistance, and skirmishes occurred which were accompanied by a trifling loss of life on the side of the French. Though doubtless regretted by the authorities, this circumstance was seized upon as a plea for making further demands upon Siam. As the *Intransigent*, a Saigon newspaper, admitted, "We are going to Siam under pretence of avenging an insult; but really with the idea of making a new conquest."

How far this new conquest would have extended if it had not been for the attitude adopted by Lord Rosebery must remain doubtful; but the first claim advanced by the French was the recognition of the rights of Annam and Cambodia (in other words, of France) to the left bank of the Mekong and the islands. The monstrous nature of this demand will be understood when it is remembered that Cambodia extends no further north than the thirteenth degree of latitude, and that from that to latitude twenty-three—at which point the river issues from Chinese territory—the French have no possible right or title to an inch of ground. The position was complicated by the fact that when, in delimiting the Burmese frontier, it was found that it included a State on the left bank of the Mekong, we ceded that territory to Siam, on the condition that it should never be handed over to any other foreign Power. The demand advanced by

France included this province, and, in defence of British interests, Lord Rosebery interposed with the now classical cry of "Hands off!" Being, however, unable to hold its own against its aggressive neighbour, Siam agreed to cede the left bank of the river as far north as the eighteenth degree of latitude. This is how the matter stands at present, and the whole course of events furnishes an instructive chapter of history for all those interested in the development of British commerce. It cannot be too often repeated that wherever the French flag flies British commerce is hampered and laid under grave fiscal disabilities. It is notorious that French commerce in the East is infinitesimally small. While, as Mr. Gundry tells us, eighty-seven per cent. of the whole shipping which entered and cleared at Bangkok in 1892 was British, "French interests were represented by one steamer which runs monthly between Saigon and Bangkok, and which carried last year cargo to the value of 8,000*l.*—less than half per cent. of the whole trade." In Tonquin and Annam about the same proportions hold good, and it may well be doubted whether the effect of the new French annexations will not be to paralyse the local trade, which, however limited, has been hitherto carried on under the more liberal administration of Siam.

We have epitomized Mr. Gundry's essays on Siam and Annam; but other essays are of equal importance, and forcibly illustrate the dangers which threaten China on her northern and southern boundaries. The advance of Russia over the Siberian frontiers; the scientific expeditions which haunt the provinces of Tibet; and the alarming progress made by Russian Uhlans on the Pamirs, with the neighbourhood of the French on the frontier of the province of Kwangsi, all constitute a situation which creates a perpetual tremor among the Ministers of the Tsungli Yamén. Those officials are well aware that it is due to British influence alone that these two Powers have not already grasped territories which are temptingly within their reach. On all these points Mr. Gundry gives full and accurate information, and we cordially recommend his book to all those who are interested in British trade in the East.

THREE BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

A Year amongst the Persians. By EDWARD S. BROWNE. London: Adam & Charles Black.

The Land of Poco Tiempo. By CHARLES F. LUMMIS. London: Sampson Low & Co.

A Lotus-Eater in Capri. By ALAN WALTERS. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

THOUGH Mr. Browne has a pleasant literary style, he must be too intelligent a man to believe that his volume on the Persians will be popular reading. It is far too bulky for that, and he has deliberately overweighted his travels with a wide variety of disquisitions on the religion, language, culture, &c., of a remarkable and interesting nation. The modern monarchy rests upon the ruins of mighty empires. Everywhere the traveller comes upon the stupendous remains of the past which the reckless vandalism of the present has damaged, but cannot obliterate. The Government is an absolute autocracy, tempered by revolution, conspiracy, and terror of assassination. The Satraps of provinces exercise unlimited power, and do as they please for the time with the persons and property of their subjects. So far they are restrained by the knowledge that they have enemies and backbiters at the Court; and if they get notoriously bloated by incessant bloodsucking, they risk subornation, condemnation, and the confiscation of their gains. The present Shah, who has expanded his mind by travel, is tolerably enlightened and fairly mild of mood. But he lets the law and immemorial custom take their course, and both are abominably cruel. There is a horrible account of the excruciating tortures to which the propagators of a new and heterodox creed were subjected; and gross injustice is being continually perpetrated through the connivance and corruption of his Ministers. His own conduct is capricious in the extreme, and he is naturally suspicious and distrustful. His second son had proved an exceptionally good and popular governor in the important districts confided to his charge. The prince received a courteous invitation to Teheran, where he was politely degraded as the reward of exceptionally good service to the State. We all remember the little youth whom the Shah brought in his suite to England. The child of a poor shepherd, he was encouraged to take precedence over the highest dignitaries, and lucrative posts were bestowed upon his ignorant relatives. The aristocratic Persians have both the pride of learning and the pride of birth; and the disgust of statesmen and courtiers was intense. One day the boy, in sheer thoughtlessness, did something to shake the nerves of the Shah. Forthwith he was sent

back to his mountains, naked as he had come, *sans* bag and baggage, and probably it was a happy accident for him. For had he survived his master, while still in favour, he would have tumbled from a greater height, and would assuredly have broken his neck in the fall. Each of the Ministers may go his own way, and each generally does his best to cross his colleagues. There is a queer story of a quarrel between the Minister of Public Works and the Postmaster-General, which resulted in two roads, nearly parallel, being made in a land which is otherwise almost roadless. Indeed, the recent reforms in travelling introduced, or attempted, have been of doubtful benefit to travellers. The Oriental caravan-serai system is in full force. So far as shelter and ample accommodation go, those massive buildings, often dating from remote antiquity, left little to desire. Of course the wayfarer has to forage for his own food, find his own bedding, and cleanse his own quarters. He knows what he must not expect, and the charges are next to nothing. But now in some of the districts near the capital the caravan-serai has been superseded by the mockery of an hotel, where the accommodation is execrable, where the charges are extortionate, and where the supercilious attendants expect to be tipped. Happily the Englishman may now on the main line of traffic be hospitably entertained by the officials of the Telegraph Company, who are delighted to welcome a countryman, and appear to keep open house for all comers.

But Persia is emphatically a country of hospitality. Mr. Browne had half-mastered the language beforehand, and, having brought good introductions, was passed on from city to city. He gives rose-coloured accounts of pleasant dinner-parties, though the actual dinner is despatched rather quickly, and conviviality is toned down by the vases of iced sherbet taking the place of our wine-decantera. But these gatherings are feasts of reason and flows of soul, where the talk is apt to soar into ethereal regions, where there is a running fire of brilliant repartee, and where the guests, who can often improvise themselves, have all the famous poets at their finger-ends, from Hafiz downwards. Seriously speaking, the width and diffusion of culture under so capricious a tyranny is a very remarkable phenomenon. It is less surprising that the Persians should seek the consolations of religion under temporal oppression and affliction. Religion or fanaticism is everywhere in the ascendant. The feuds of the two great Mohammedan sects are notorious; the true believer will make any sacrifice to lay his bones in the sacred soil of Kerbela, so that coffin-carrying is the most profitable business of the transport service; and we have already alluded to the heroic sufferings of the Bâbi martyrs, a sect that seems to approximate to the best of the Christians in the elevation and liberality of its tenets. Moreover, Mr. Browne has much to say about the devoted followers of Zoroaster and of the Yezidis, who pay homage to the Devil in their anxiety to hedge against all eventualities. Had he listened to the earnest warnings of his muleteers, he would have often made considerable détours through comparatively impracticable country. For there are valleys notoriously haunted by ghouls and afrits; as there are waterless solitudes where, in the silence of the night, you may listen to the wailing of the restless dead. More material nuisances were the scorpions and tarantulas, which swarmed in the crevices of some of his sleeping chambers, and whose bites were sure to cause lingering illness, if they did not prove positively fatal. Mr. Browne's book may not be popular reading, but till he is superseded by some equally accomplished traveller, it will be the standard work on Persia and the Persians.

A year ago Mr. Lummis told the tale of his "Tramp" across the American continent, and a very entertaining tale it was. In the present volume he pushes his adventures into New Mexico, and gives picturesque descriptions of the scenery and inhabitants of a singularly picturesque country. The pity is that he has adopted a picturesque style which demands a continual strain on the intellect. We are troubled in following him in his lofty flights, and are irritated by perpetual conundrums in phraseology. Nevertheless, the book is extremely interesting; and it is lavishly illustrated by admirable photographs, for, in Yankee language, "he took his camera along." Everywhere he came upon the traces of the extinct Spanish civilization. He divides the present population into three typical races—the Pueblo Indians, the Navajo Indians, and the degenerate descendants of the Spanish colonists, who are "ignorant as slaves and more courteous than kings, poor as Lazarus and hospitable as Croesus." What struck him most in the way of buildings was the fantastic effects of the terraced architecture of the Pueblos, and the commanding situation of their towns or villages. For the central plateau of New Mexico is a wild congeries of volcanic rock and lava precipices; so that these mountain towns are impregnable natural fortresses, with a sheer drop of several thousand feet into the rugged abysses by which they are encircled.

It may be supposed that the landscapes are sterile as they are savage; but Mr. Lummis found continual delight in the changing lights which lent expression to their features. As for Acoma, which he calls the "city in the sky," it is "a dizzy air island above the plain—a stone table upheld by ineffable precipices." The inhabitants seem to have taken certain traits in their character from the terrors of their abodes, and nothing can be more repulsive than some of their religious rites. There is a confraternity of "Penitent Brothers," who are governed by secret rules of their own, holding the laws of the country in supreme contempt, and they vie with each other in the severities of their self-inflicted torture. Contrary to most authorities, Mr. Lummis holds that the Spanish-Mexicans are no cowards; though we should fancy their courage is that of the coyote who will die without a growl when he is run down and cornered. And he describes the Apache as the best and hardest irregular cavalry in the world, supping luxuriously on rattlesnake when nothing more savoury is to be had, riding their broncos till they break down, and then cutting them up in strips to be sun-dried, and as shifty in their tactics as they are headlong in their charges. As he puts it, in the last campaign, a handful of four and thirty men, encumbered by thrice as many women and children, successfully defied for a year and a half the power of a nation of 60,000,000, not to mention Mexico. And for every brave who was killed, they took five and twenty scalps of the white soldiery.

It is needless to say that Mr. Walters is passionately in love with the island of Circe, and he almost persuades us of the pleasures of a lotus-eating life. But, for our part, we would rather look at Capri than live in it; for at the best, and with all its beauties, the residents are but prisoners at large. Of Tiberius, who retired thither for reasons of his own, Mr. Walters has much to say, and he tells the story of that most remarkable man picturesquely. His memory is still kept fresh by the massive ruins or Titanic foundations that crown each commanding eminence. Like all the volcanic islands of the Neapolitan Gulf, Capri is a strange blending of barrenness and exuberant fertility. Mr. Walters paints with a facile brush the villages smothered in their vines and olives, the cliffs garlanded with groves of the orange and the lemon, and the gorgeous bloom of the natural shrubberies. As to the charms of the women, he says they have been exaggerated by the painters and poets, and we quite agree with him. How can the maids and matrons be graceful when from time immemorial they have been toiling up their precipices bending beneath baskets of fish and weighty burdens of stone? But the men are stalwart and handsome, and on the whole have a jolly time of it. They either cast their nets in their own waters or go further afield to the sponge- or coral-fishing. Coin is scarce on the isle, though food and wine are abundant. But Mr. Walters calls attention to the strange and unfair distribution of the *octroi* duties under the new régime. The inhabitants of the low-lying seaport of Capri are taxed heavily for everything except bread, and are actually mulcted in twopence for each bottle of their country wine; whereas their neighbours in the little hill-town of Anacapri pay nothing at all to the Excise. The two communities have always been at bitter feud, which may explain why the one place is not deserted for the other. After describing the antiquarian topography, the grottoes, and other natural curiosities, and the daring surprise by the French in the reign of Murat, which is one of the most romantic episodes in Dumas's *Speronare*, Mr. Walters makes his moan over impending changes. Already the steamers from Naples, in the season, bring a daily invasion of German shopkeepers, and there is a scheme for the erection of a many-storied hotel on heights to be scaled by a funicular railway.

THE NEW LOCKE.

Locke's Essay concerning Human Understanding. Edited by A. C. FRASER, Emeritus Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

IT has for many years been surprising that no critical edition of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* has been at the disposal of the student of philosophy. Nor has the fact been made much more intelligible by the strong set of philosophical doctrine and taste during this century against Locke's views. For the German philosophies, good and bad, at the feet of which English philosophy has during that period been, for the most part, content to sit, were admittedly revulsions from Locke's doctrines in the form which they finally took from Hume; and it was distinctly unphilosophical to content oneself—as the late Mr. Green, for instance, did—with carefully studying Hume, while

simply poochpoohing or elaborately misrepresenting Locke. A very little thought might have shown any one that, however limited and insufficient Locke may have been (and Philosophy knows there was plenty both of limit and of insufficiency in him!), it was impossible for a man to dominate, as he did, the whole philosophical thought of a century so much given to such thought as the eighteenth; to be the master of three such men as Berkeley, Hume, and Condillac; to be, if only by revulsion, a main originating cause of Kant, and yet to be simply negligible. We may add to this that Locke was distinctly in need of the editor and commentator. The editions of the *Essay*, which he altered considerably, had never been properly collated, while the deliberately unscholastic and unmethodical cast of it makes the commentator very necessary indeed.

All this work, which has so long waited for a workman, Professor Fraser has now done in a manner befitting his previous work as editor of Berkeley. And we own ourselves very sorry that the already referred to labour of Mr. Green on Hume should make improbable, if not impossible, the completion of these two labours by a third, and companion, edition of the third great English philosopher of the eighteenth century. Professor Fraser indulges little in polemic, but a brief phrase in his preliminary remarks that Mr. Green, "notwithstanding the anachronism, has subjected the *Essay* to the canons of Neo-Hegelian dialectic," appears to us as neat and complete a piece of reasonable, if slightly sarcastic, reprobation as we have recently read. All criticism, we fear, is but too apt to neglect what we may call the question of jurisdiction; and to submit the thing or person criticized to the operation of axioms and postulates, methods and terminology, which it or he would not, and in some cases could not, admit. But there is nowhere so much danger of this, and it is nowhere so common, as in the case of philosophical subjects; and the consequence is that we often find examinations made and judgments passed of which it is hardly too much to say that they proceed very much as if an addition sum in grammes were expected to give a true result, without adjustment, in grains.

There is nothing of this sort in Professor Fraser's book. He has begun with considerable, but by no means too voluminous, prolegomena, dealing successively with the general character and philosophical position of the *Essay*, the life of its author (a short but sufficient sketch), and then the contents of the book itself. And he has followed this up by a text and commentary, the latter giving not merely the variations of the different editions, but explanations where necessary of Locke's frequently vacillating and obscure phraseology, notes of the objections taken by contemporary and other critics, and an ample but not excessive chain of reference to parallel passages. Both in establishing his text and in shaping his commentary he has given great and just weight to the French version of Coste, who was Locke's own amanuensis, who appears to have taken great trouble to discuss debatable passages with his employer, and whose version contains certain passages which are not found in any earlier English edition. What may be called the original part of the commentary presents, of course, divers temptations. It is impossible for a philosophical commentator to avoid a certain amount of controversy with his author, unless he is a mere hierophant, a mere admiring chorus; he will have sometimes to discuss what the oracle means, sometimes to point out that perhaps it did not itself quite know what it meant, sometimes to demonstrate that it was wrong. And it is notorious that some commentators have used, not to say abused, these opportunities to such an extent that the text is quite overrun with their comment. Professor Fraser has not done this. He has never mistaken a note for a treatise, or confused his mission of explaining the ideas of Mr. Locke with a mission of setting forth those of Mr. Fraser. Yet we have seldom in reading come across any passage which seemed really noteworthy and which the Professor has not annotated. And, though the *Essay* has often met with the disdain of professional philosophers as being exoteric, vernacular, and rudimentary, there are probably not many writers who require such a commentary more than Locke.

That he deserves, as well as requires it, no really competent critic, even if his ideas differ from Locke's as widely as we confess ours do, can dream of denying. No man could possibly exercise the influence which, as we have said, Locke exercised, and not deserve the closest attention. Even if it be said that he did nothing but express the mind and tendency of his contemporaries and the next two generations, this is a curse which is considerably more complimentary than most blessings. Yet the study of Locke is by no means so easy as it looks. His style, though ugly and slipshod, is still very easy to read; and the designed avoidance (even as some think, with apparent justice, the positive ignorance) of technical phrase and jargon,

together with the direct appeal to the plain man and the common sense, interpose no obstacle to apparent comprehension. Nothing is more curious than to compare Locke with Bacon, who, after exhausting his vials of contempt on the Schoolmen, constructed a language of his own nearly as intricate as theirs and far more delusively coloured; or with Hobbes, whose scholastic education revenges his despised masters by prompting him to use the strictest forms of definition, and to proceed by the most formal stages of argument.

But this apparently level ground is by no means free from traps and gaps, from slippery places and stumbling-blocks. In the first place, the necessary defect of Locke's quality of thought and speech was a certain ambiguity both in speech and in thought. From the very first all readers of some philosophical faculty, even if of no great philosophical experience, have detected the weak point of the *Essay*—the "knot," as Leibnitz called it, the fallacy that Norris almost immediately after its publication detected with more acuteness than he showed skill in exposing it. The doctrine of innate ideas which Locke attacks, as has been again and again pointed out, never was held in the form in which he refutes it by anybody but a dunce or a bedlamite. That ideas may be innate in a latent, dormant, and potential form is a position which he never fully meets, and to a great extent seems entirely to ignore, though he sometimes makes statements which come perilously near to an admission of the possibility. And this famous and central fallacy is only the most prominent among the many smaller slips which abound in the *Essay*. The curious and famous irrelevancy of the examples heaped up in the first book as to the difference of human notions on the same point may, indeed, have been due partly to the desire to make the book readable, partly to the real and genuine interest which was then beginning to be generally taken as to the ways of foreign nations and savage tribes. But only very hardy defenders of Locke can see in it anything but a prolonged *ignoratio elenchi*. It has been pointed out that his own use of the term "common sense" goes very dangerously near to upsetting his whole contention; while, as Professor Fraser shows in many of his notes, Locke's moral and religious principles were also continually getting him into difficulties, from which some of his followers escaped (in a way which would have been very distasteful to him, but which was more logical than his own) by sacrificing the principles to the system.

Yet, for all these faults, the study of Locke can never be obsolete. Of his strictly philosophical importance we have said enough. It is simple truth that, for a century, most European thought either obediently formed itself into channels for his current, or deliberately attempted to dam its flow. But in England, and not merely in England (for he was widely read at first hand, and more widely at second, in France), he did much more than form merely philosophical thought. He was read in the earlier part of the eighteenth century by everybody; and his arguments, his illustrations, his tone and attitude of mind, simply permeated the literature of the time. It cannot be said that his influence was wholly salutary. He did more than any single person to introduce the arrogant and narrow-minded appeal to "common sense," the refusal to consider expert opinion, historical knowledge, scientific demonstration, which reigned in England so long, and of which we have not entirely got rid yet. But no one, surely, doubts that he gave a valuable new impulse to Philosophy, and that his energetic, if somewhat Philistine, summons to her to come out of jargon, to quit mere authoritative technicalities, to show cause why such and such a tenet should continue to be held, was quite timely and extremely beneficial. Indeed, we have known daring persons in the present day who have asked themselves, and even other people, whether the time is not nearly ripe for a new Locke in not quite the same sense as the title of this article—whether Kantian and Hegelian, Pessimist and Positivist and Eclectic, have not accumulated quite sufficient theory and counter-theory, more than sufficient terminology and method. Indeed, in the particular kind of philosophy which now attracts most attention it might be open to a bold arguer to contend that Mr. Benjamin Kidd in his *Social Evolution* has played a part by no means dissimilar to Locke's in a certain thoroughgoing *naïveté* of original thought and a comparative independence of shibboleths and catchwords.

In philosophy proper, however, the new Locke has not shown himself, though we have waited two hundred years and more for him. He may come yet; it is consolatory to remember that the views that Locke himself attacked were not new views at all, that Descartes and Lord Herbert were men of the generation before his own. And until the new Locke does come we may find very pretty reading in the old. He will, indeed, never recover the hold that he had on the century that followed him—

that connexion, as Goethe would have said, of similarity and comprehension is not likely to occur again. But, unscholastic as he tried to be, he could not help touching many, if not most, of the problems that the most unbridled logic or metaphysics of any schoolman could touch, and his own handling is bound to suggest activity, if only the activity of antagonism, to any mind to which mental problems are congenial. It was never possible to study him with anything like the advantages which Professor Fraser has now provided for the student; and though one may be as far as possible from ranking Locke as the greatest English philosopher, the Professor's pains have been well spent.

RUSKIN FIRST AND LAST.

Letters addressed to a College Friend during the Years 1840-1845. By JOHN RUSKIN. London and Orpington: George Allen. 1894.

Verona, and other Lectures. By JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D., &c., &c. With Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. Orpington and London: George Allen. 1894.

IT is impossible that any early writings of Mr. Ruskin can be without interest, and these letters of his to a College friend have an additional attraction because in these years—1840-45 (there is only one later)—he conceived and executed the first volume of *Modern Painters* as it originally appeared. At the same time it is impossible not to feel that the publication of them is an act which the true friends of Mr. Ruskin and his reputation would have avoided. The letters include, certainly, many marks of unusual talent and passages of considerable eloquence; but as a whole they present a picture—a self-drawn picture—which is decidedly unpleasant. No doubt, all men, great as well as small, pass through the stage of the “ugly duckling”; but this is not the stage at which they or their friends would wish their portraits to be taken. In the hands of a judicious biographer (if such a person exists in these days) these letters would have been very useful, but to publish them in their entirety and separately is simply to draw undue attention to the fact that Mr. Ruskin, when he became of age, and for at least a few years after, was a prig, morally and intellectually, of the most pronounced kind.

It is no excuse that the letters are amusing, as they certainly are, because the amusement is so often derived at the expense of the writer. They show that at the age of one-and-twenty he had plainly accepted the position of a very superior person indeed, who is entitled to lay down the law on all subjects, however slightly he may be acquainted with them. His unfortunate friend is bantered, chaffed, advised, admonished, in turn, with a tone of patronage and authority which would only befit a school-master and a Pope rolled into one. When this omniscient mentor has not time to explain things fully, the pupil is expected to take his oracles on trust. No want of confidence in his own infallibility is to be detected anywhere. Once he appears to be struck by his “too decisive expression,” and he excuses it by pleading that he cannot say “I think” and “It seems to me” perpetually in a letter. Mr. Ruskin has seldom said them since. The attitude of authority which he assumed as a boy he has maintained steadily through the whole of his career. If it has been one secret of his power over his own generation, it is also a cause of his lesser hold upon the present; for an oracle should not contradict itself, and cannot with good grace confess itself mistaken. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Ruskin that in recent years he has reconsidered many of his most cherished opinions, and has not wanted the courage to avow it. A now well-known instance of this is contained in his Lecture on Verona, where (going, as it seems to us, a little too far on the other side) he says, “Everything in the world was done and made only that it might be rightly painted—that is the true master's creed. [The italics are our own.] I used to think all this very wrong once, and that it meant general falseness and hardness of heart, and so on. It means nothing of the kind. It means only that one's whole soul is put into one's work; and that the entire soul so spent is healthy and happy, and cannot vex itself with questions, cares, or pains.” One may observe that even in his retraction he is equally authoritative, and let us add that the high aim of his teaching has also remained the same. Even in smaller matters, in his habits of thought and methods of argument, many curious parallels can be found between the two volumes now under notice—one of which contains the first flare, and the other the embers, of his genius.

One instance here will be enough, which shows his way of looking at poetry, his use of criticism in argument, and also the manner in which, throughout his life, a word or a phrase has

struck fire and developed into a paragraph which has formed the text of a sermon:—

‘The object in all art is not to inform but to suggest. . . . I will take a simple instance in epithet. Byron begins something or other—“’Tis midnight on the mountains brown—The pale round moon shines deeply down.” Now the first eleven words are not poetry, except by their measure and preparation for rhyme; they are simple information, which might just as well have been given in prose—it is prose, in fact: It is twelve o'clock—the moon is pale—it is round—it is shining on brown mountains.

‘Any fool, who had seen it, could tell us all that. At last comes the poetry in the single epithet “deeply.” Had he said “softly” or “brightly” it would still have been simple information.’

And then he gives an eloquent description of the different impressions different persons will receive from the “deeply,” and adds—“This is the reason of the power of the single epithet and this is its mystery,” and then he develops the theme till he is so convinced of the necessity of “mystery” that he thinks he could show, if he had space, that the finest passages of any real poet “never can be fathomed in a minute, or in ten minutes, or exhausted in as many years,” and then he goes on till he gets to Turner and Raphael and the Apollo Belvedere. And the cause of all this discourse is to defend his own poem of “The Tears of Psammenitus” from condemnation on the charge of obscurity—not that he thinks his poems “must be fine if they are incomprehensible.”

Compare with this the opening paragraph of “Candida Casa,” the last-written of the papers in *Verona, and other Lectures*. In this he asks

‘his elder readers, cognisant of the grace of literature, to consider a little the power of the line in the introductory stanzas [of “Lucy Gray”]—“The Minster-clock has just struck two”—partly to enhance, partly to localize the aspect of mountain solitude which the rest of the poem is intended to describe, and to associate with it, in the reader's thought, another manner of solitude, no less pathetic, belonging to more ancient time. For, suppose the verse had allowed, and the poet used the word “Cathedral” instead of Minster? “Cathedral” is the more musical word of the two, and defines no less clearly the relation of the wild moor to the inhabited plain with its market-city. But the reader of cultivated taste would feel in a moment not only that the line itself had lost its total value by the substitution, but that the purity and force of the entire poem were seriously impaired.

‘It would be difficult to exaggerate the force of evidence given, in this slight trial, of the affection and respect with which all remaining traces and memories of the monastic life of our country are regarded by the scholarly and healthy English mind—by all educated men, that is to say, whose habits of life and tones of temper have not been perverted by avarice, ambition, and sensuality.’

Of the two passages, the earlier, though not faultless, is decidedly the better as criticism, as the value of the word “Minster” in Wordsworth's poem depends, even for educated readers, rather on its sound than in any association with monks; but in both cases, as in so much of his writing on art, the criticism is clearly enlisted, if not invented, for the support of a theory, and so, unfortunately, loses half its intrinsic value.

Finally, though the lecture on “Verona and its Rivers” is charmingly written, and its illustrations are beautiful specimens of Mr. Ruskin's refined and sensitive draughtsmanship, and “The Story of Arachne” is too amusing and ingenious not to be welcome, there is much of the rest of the book which is so incomplete and incoherent that we fail to understand what worthy object can be attained by its publication.

STONYHURST.

Stonyhurst College: its Life beyond the Seas, 1592-1794, and on English Soil, 1794-1894. By the Rev. JOHN GERARD, S.J. Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co. 1894.

LITTLE romance or adventure is to be expected from the history of a public school; but the account of the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst—expanded in a stately tome, compiled to celebrate the centenary of the establishment—unfolds a stirring, and even scenic, chronicle. The mansion itself, with its surroundings and associations, is attractive; it can show its baronial hall, picture-galleries, huge fireplaces, mullioned windows, embroidered ceilings, and “priests' hiding-places,” and a charming old-fashioned garden, bowling-green, pond, leaden statues, “dark walk” even, and the rest, every corner of which we know by heart. The central tower or gate-house, with its eagle-capped cupolas, to which Charles Waterton is said to have climbed, is

a most original and striking composition; while the porch is charming, from its elegant Renaissance treatment. Of a winter's night crossing the old courtyard, the light streams through mullioned panes of the hexagonal towers that fill the corners and casts dark shadows. In the olden days a noble, flowing flight of steps led up to the entrance door, which, Udolpho-like, had its helmet and coat-of-arms. A certain Gastrell cut down Shakspeare's mulberry-tree at Stratford, and has secured that his name at least shall descend to posterity; and we might seek a pendant for the act in the destruction of the fine flight of steps, opening fan-like, which led up to the entrance door. They were carted away, it seems, in the interest of "the new washing-place," or some such utilitarian pretext. This, however, may be connected with the act of an adventurous rector who, in 1850, established bathing in the park, "thus introducing," says our author, "a totally new element at Stonyhurst." All reformers are thorough, and the steps may have been sacrificed to this ardour.

One of the Society, Father Gerard, has compiled, with much labour and judiciousness, a history of his College which is dramatic. Never was the energy and unconquerable spirit of the Society, so well described in Sir James Stephen's essay, put to more effective proof and trial. Hunted from place to place, they never lost heart or energy. To found a Jesuit College in England—in the year 1794—was a courageous effort; and it may be conceived what suspicions and prying and communications to the Home Secretary were the result. Expelled from Liège in 1794, a small party of about twenty scholars and masters determined to proceed to England, where they had found friends. There was a fine mansion and estate, within a few miles of Whalley, the old home of the Sherburns, who lie buried in the little solitary church of Mitton, some three miles from Stonyhurst. Here are seven mailed warriors reposing on altar tombs. The estate had come by marriage into the Weld family, and Mr. Weld most opportunely presented the place to the exiled Jesuits. After much weary wandering the party reached their new home, and it is asserted that one of the Clifford family was the first to enter. There is a beautiful picture by Turner showing the house as it appeared about this time, and, though it has been sketched again and again by many artists, no one has succeeded equally in suggesting the poetical environments of the place and its atmosphere. This modest company of a score has grown and burgeoned in a vast settlement; often five hundred persons have been at one time under the rector's rule.

Not every one knows with what completeness and harmony the Society develops its ideal, making each part serve the interests of the whole. To begin with, we have a whole estate or district under the Society, who are lords of the soil as well as parish priests. There is a fine establishment at Hodder for the reception of lads of tender years, who in time are drafted to the great school. Stonyhurst itself has usually from three to four hundred boys, whose direction and teaching in various ways and departments furnish training for the members of the Order according to their degree. Close by is another great house, where the young men who have passed through the novitiate pursue their first ecclesiastical studies. A boy may thus pass through the schools in six or seven years, thence enter the novitiate and philosophy school for three or four years more; then he may be put to teach a "school," or act as prefect or disciplinarian for six or seven years. He is then sent to pursue his regular course of theological studies preparatory to ordination. This strict course of severe training must have a marked effect on his character. There are thus the higher offices—of Rector, Prefect of Studies, Procurator, Chaplain—to which the occupants bring all the experience they have thus gathered. The education, it may be added, is sound and varied—and quite "up to date," as it is called—with perhaps a little too much regard to the comforts and pastimes of Masters Tom and Bob. The good old days of flagged floors, brogues, "salt horse," and "chewed dog"—such were the contemptuous names for sound but rudely cooked meats—are long since gone. Then there was no effeminacy, and a rigid Spartan discipline. We have never been ill a day since leaving the College, though we may have survived as the "fittest." The process certainly "hardened."

Our author supplies a list of worthies who have been educated at the College and shed lustre on it. Perhaps Richard Sheil was the most brilliant *alumnus*, though he has written of it in rather unfilial fashion. Father Gerard glosses over these sketches, which ought to have a place in a history of Stonyhurst. They are full of humour, and have many lively scenes. Witness the struggle of the ladies to remain in the College of an inclement night, and the courteous but inflexible persistence of the rector in turning them out. And the most remarkable of the pupils

was assuredly Charles Waterton. Assumed, from certain eccentric displays, to be narrow-minded and bigoted, he was really one of the most liberal and large-hearted of men. Many will recall his odd, gigantic son, Edmund, with his rings and curios. It is singular, however, that the English students should make such a poor show on the list, all the honours being culled by a group of brilliant Irishmen—to wit, Sheil, Sir T. Wyse, More O'Ferrall, Chief Baron Woulfe, Thomas Francis Meagher, and others. Had living personages been added to the list, their honours would have fallen to the same nationality.

We could hardly imagine a more interesting place for a day's visit than Stonyhurst. For the architect the building has an entrancing charm; there are so many graces and developments which will repay examination. The garden, galleries, pictures, observatories are most pleasing and entertaining. In the library and museum and sacristy are many curious and costly treasures; relics of Sir Thomas More, of Queen Christina, Mary Queen of Scots, and a whole range of portraits of the later Stuarts. The church plate, vestments, &c., are of extraordinary interest and value—notably the two monstrances, of truly exquisite design, though we learn with some apprehension that one of them "is now being reduced to more convenient dimensions." The High Mass vestments—taken by Henry VIII. to the Field of the Cloth of Gold—are miracles of workmanship, dazzling almost in colour and richness. After this show we do not much care for "Father Laurence's walking-stick," of which a picture is given.

ANOTHER PARSIFAL.

The Sacred Festival Drama of Parsifal, by Richard Wagner—the Argument, &c. By CHARLES J. GATTY, F.S.A. London: Schott & Co.

WE do not wish to imply by our heading that the legend of Parsifal has appeared in a new operative shape, but simply that the Wagner literature has received a fresh contribution, and that the last work of the prophet of Bayreuth has tempted yet another analytical pen. One cannot say that the pamphlet before us supplies a long-felt want, and, for our part, we should have rested quite contented with the *Thematischer Leitfaden* of Hans von Wolzogen and M. Maurice Kufferath's fine essay, both dealing with *Parsifal*; but Mr. Gatty's book may prove useful to those who fight shy of musical analysis in the Hegelian prose of the Freiherr H. v. Wolzogen, and who prefer to have the obscure explained rather in plain English than in chiselled French. Mr. Gatty's English is plain, and, thanks chiefly to his homely style of dealing with abstruse subjects, that part of his book which handles the argument of Wagner's Festival Drama is the most intelligible yet written in the tongue of this country. Whoever has had to wade through the usual *arisch-germanische, allgemeinmenschliche, or künstlerisch-idealistiche* in the pages of other commentators will welcome gladly Mr. Gatty's contribution so far as the argument pure and simple is concerned. As to the value of the rest of the book—The Musical Drama, The Musical Themes, and The Mystery—we have our doubts. The first of these divisions is, in the author's words, an attempt at "a plain literal prose translation" of the text of the drama; since the translator has freed himself from the exigencies imposed on prosody by existing rhythms and fixed melodic periods he might have given his fancy a free rein as well, and presented us with a version of, at least, literary merit, if not poetical romance. Instead of which we find on the very threshold of Mr. Gatty's text the following:—"Hey! ho! Guardians of the forest, or rather guardians of sleep, at least awake to the morning!" It is certainly an equivalent of "He! ho! Waldhüter, ihr Schlafhüter mit-sammen," &c., but we prefer the translation of this phrase by Mr. Corder, who writes:—"Wood-keepers twain! Sleep-keepers I deem ye! At least be moving with morning!"—and we prefer his version throughout to that of Mr. Gatty. As a *fiche de consolation* to the author we may mention that the French translation of *Parsifal* is weaker yet than his, *teste* the following extraordinary strophe in the mouths of the Flower-Maidens of Klingsor:—

'Sort lamentable!
Sombre douleur!
Nuit haïssable!
Jour plein d'horreur!'

"*Parsifal*," says Mr. Gatty, "is rightly called a 'mystery' drama, because it displays, by means of allegory and symbol, the secret of redeeming love." The definition of "mystery," as implied here, cannot be accepted, if only because of the limitation, for all known mysteries deal simply and almost exclusively with the struggle between evil and good; and the denomination of

"mystery" drama is best accepted because Wagner has called *Parsifal* "Ein Bühnenweihfestspiel"; if he had called it "music drama," or "dramatic oratorio," or simply "opera," we would have accepted the qualification with the same equanimity. But where Mr. Gatty is least at home is in the section of his book dealing with musical analysis. The themes are copied faithfully enough from already existing tables, but instead of indicating the instruments which present each theme initially, as an analyst should do, the author tries his hand at graphic description; in point of fact, trombones and bells are the only instruments which Mr. Gatty seems to have recognized in the polyphonic fabric of *Parsifal*, and his descriptive experiments lead him to such remarkable phrases as, for instance, "The concentrated blending of these terrific themes and pathetic cries into a passionate outburst of only sixty bars," or to such an expression as "this bounding figure," meaning the theme of Kundry's Ride (Rittmotiv). But let us take the analysis of the prelude in a few typical phrases: "The Prelude," writes Mr. Gatty, "begins, the opening theme emerging softly in *single low notes* (the italics are ours) out of the stillness . . . a quivering wave-like movement now rises from the orchestra . . . There is silence for a moment, and then in single low tones the *second phrase* (italics ours) of the same theme softly rises . . ." Now, what does the author mean by *single low notes*? The notes are *quintuple*, the theme being presented by first and second violin, 'cello, clarinet, and bassoon; the "quivering wave-like movement" is no movement but a series of arpeggios; and the "second phrase" is not a second phrase but the initial theme placed a major third higher, slightly modified in the cadence. The correct way, for an analyst to describe the prelude would be: "The Prelude of *Parsifal* opens with the theme of the Lord's Supper (or Liebesmahlspruch-Motiv) presented in unison (not single tones) by first and second violins *solo*, first 'cello, first clarinet, and first bassoon, to which is added the English horn (or alt oboe) from the second to the fourth bar inclusive—the whole theme comprising six bars. Follow 10½ bars of arpeggios, first in the violas, then in first and second violins divided, the other half of the desks, doubled with one trumpet and three oboes, repeating in unison the initial theme, the rest of the wood instruments (trebled), horns and trombones sustaining," &c., &c. This sample of analysis may not be diverting, but we would rather have a given sonority defined as, say, a tremolo of double basses and a roll of kettle-drums on A flat, than referred to as a "roll of ominous murmuring." It is quite feasible to indicate an effect and its cause at the same time. This much from a specially technical point of view; as guide for the uninitiated and the uninquisitive, Mr. Gatty's book does very well, and because of the merit of its forty-two first pages may be generally recommended.

THREE BOOKS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

A Handbook to the Study of Natural History. By the Lady ISABEL MARGESSON. With an Introduction by Sir MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. London: Philip & Son.

Allen's Naturalists' Library. Edited by R. BOWDLER SHARPE, LL.D. *A Handbook to the Birds of Great Britain.* By R. BOWDLER SHARPE. Vol. I. *A Handbook to the Marsupialia and Monotremata.* By R. LYDEKKER, B.A., F.G.S. London: Allen & Co.

THE little volume edited by Lady Isabel Margesson has a perfectly novel aim. The various paths of natural history are sketched out in as tempting a way as possible, and the intending amateur is in the position of the investor before a table covered with circulars. Each specialist cries the merits of his own particular wares, and is, as a rule, so persuasive that the only difficulty will be the choice. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff contributes an introduction in advocacy of the studies recommended in the course of the book. Literature, he thinks, will be refreshed by a renewed interest in the world of animal and plant life. "Everybody," he says, "must be conscious of the curious effort in much modern writing to supply the absence of fresh facts and ideas by saying old things in a new and much more difficult way."

This, it is suggested, is to be remedied by a "larger commerce with Nature." The only objection to this is that Nature exacts so large a payment in time in return for her favours that only those who devote themselves exclusively to the matter can do much.

An excellent chapter (by Miss Edith Carrington) is entitled "How to observe without destroying." This commendable spirit has of late years given rise to an entire library of literature, initiated by Alphonse Karr in his delightful *Tour round my Garden*, and largely formed by the charming books of such writers as Mr. W. H. Hudson and "A Son of the Marshes." It is

quite possible, according to Miss Carrington's experience, to make friends, or, at least, to be on terms of acquaintance, with so irritable a creature as a wasp; indeed, Sir John Lubbock's tame wasp, which only stung when startled into involuntary activity, shows that. Animals soon learn that the bark of the naturalist is worse than his bite; they must be dealt with like children, with mingled firmness and gentleness.

In the two recently published volumes of *Allen's Naturalists' Library* we have a useful compendium of the Marsupials, and a part of the Birds of Great Britain, which will be concluded in a subsequent volume. The chief defect of these two books is that the publisher has not been exactly lavish in the matter of expenditure. The illustrations, in the form of coloured plates, are, it is true, abundant, but they are far from excellent. The plates, too, are scattered with an unnecessary regularity through the book, so that the text is perpetually and rapidly outstripping them or lagging behind. There is such a multitude of handbooks upon British birds that another seems scarcely wanted, unless upon some new system. Dr. Sharpe's book, though a careful enough piece of work, deals in no fresh manner with this rather faded subject. There are already cheap books and dear books, large books and small books, chatty descriptions and severely technical works. Dr. Sharpe is chiefly different from his predecessors, in what he justly admits to be a well-trodden path, in waging war against the tiresome trinomial system of nomenclature, in advocating a strict attention to history in adopting names, and, finally, in a liberal splitting up of genera, which are in some cases so finely minced as to consist of hardly more than a species apiece. Mr. Lydekker has done a highly useful piece of work in presenting the naturalist who is not a specialist with an account of the Marsupials and Monotremes. As he points out in the preface, there is nothing of the kind brought up to modern times excepting only Mr. Oldfield Thomas's Catalogue of the British Museum collection; and the present work, being later, necessarily contains some material not to be found in Mr. Thomas's Catalogue. A slight sketch of the fossil representatives of the order also adds greatly to the value of the Handbook. The treatment is admirable for a book of this kind; a description, technical enough to satisfy the most pedantic, and yet intelligible, precedes a chatty paragraph or two about the habits and peculiarities of the animal. The species is formally introduced to the reader by its professional title in English and Latin, after which Mr. Lydekker relapses into such familiarities of nomenclature as "Old Man" and "Running Joey."

Of the rarer marsupials little of a more popular kind is to be said, since so many are only known by a skin or so and a skull here and there in the museums of Europe. But very full information is dealt out in a pleasant way concerning the better-known species, such as the thylacine and the more common kangaroos. One of the most singular of kangaroos is the tree wallaby or dendrolagus. It is a remarkable instance of how little a change of life may affect structure. It is not surprising to find that a creature of, so to speak, indefinite structure like the serpent can adapt itself to almost every variety of progression in every medium; but a kangaroo has the appearance of being strictly limited to a leaping and terrestrial existence; nevertheless the dendrolagus, with only a slight lengthening of the fore limbs, has got to be able to climb as well as the most tree-loving of arboreal animals. On the other hand, we have the exact converse in many forms. It has been often pointed out what a great diversity there is among the members of a group so strictly united by anatomical bonds as are the Marsupials. We have, as it were, cats, dogs, mice, rats, and moles among the different genera, a kind of mimicry which is unknown to so great an extent in any other family in the animal kingdom. Mr. Lydekker's book is, perhaps, to be regarded mainly as a work of reference; but it abounds in interesting matter, and can be read through with pleasure by those who enjoy the less rugged paths of natural history.

NOVELS.

My Child and I. By FLORENCE WARDEN, Author of "Those Westerton Girls" &c. London: White & Co. 1894.

A Marriage Ceremony. By ADA CAMBRIDGE, Author of "A Marked Man" &c. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1894.

Outlines. By FLORENCE HENNIKER, Author of "Foiled," "Sir George," &c. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1894.

The Tiger Lily. A Story of Two Passions. By G. MANVILLE FENN, Author of "The New Mistress" &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1894.

Not Angels Quite. By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, Translator of "Anna Karenina" &c. London: Gay & Bird.

NO one who has ever read a novel of Miss Florence Warden's can deny that she is an accomplished story-teller, and we question whether she has ever touched a higher level than in

the opening chapters of *My Child and I*. Death, mysteries, disguises, and various torments bustle through her lively pages; and a reasonably attractive heroine in the middle of an intelligible, but by no means transparent, series of complications makes the book an uncommonly hard one to put down. Of course one knows, on general grounds, that Perdita, the heroine, is married, and that somehow or other she will turn out to be the mother of an heir to something; but, even with these hard facts to go upon, the most hardened novel-reader will experience a sense of mystification no less agreeable than unusual. The second part of the story shows us Perdita, who has been left a widow, re-married, and supplied with a particularly engaging stepdaughter, as well as the son of her first marriage, who has by that time become mysterious in the highest degree. There are two young men of suitable age, supposed to be cousins, of whom the missing son is obviously one. The reader, at the bottom of his heart, knows him to be the one who is deserving, as well as rather pleasant; but evidence accumulates to show that he is the other, who is exceedingly undeserving, so as nearly to overcome the stoutest belief. And here crime begins again, and we run the gamut of theft, swindling, burglary, and murder, with an expedition and simplicity that are gratifying in the extreme. The villain—who is, of course, the false son—is engaging in the extreme. The author frankly loses her heart to him, and we cannot wonder at it. His colossal impudence alone fully justifies his final escape from the gallows; and he departs for a moderate term of penal servitude in very reasonably good spirits. The girl, too, is a much nicer girl than the heroines of unambitious novels often are, or than the heroines of ambitious novels ever are. And the second young man, the real long-lost son, is made worthy without being made a prig, with a degree of skill that, we confess, Miss Warden had hardly led us to expect. It is an excellent, cheerful, rattling story, and we recommend it heartily to all sensible readers with good digestions, and with no taste for the morbid combination of prurience and pseudo-philosophy which is so much the fashion just at present.

For the plot of *A Marriage Ceremony* Miss Ada Cambridge has selected the rather venerable "opening" of a will directing two young people to marry or lose their fortune. Rutherford Hope was rather a prig, and Betty Ogilvy, though we are informed almost oftener than enough that she was a particularly sensible, straightforward girl, behaved in an extremely ridiculous and exasperating manner. They married within the stipulated period, and so made sure of the fortune, she being very much ashamed of herself for doing so, and he having fallen honestly in love with her; and then the troubles began, which were not happily composed until the end of the second (and last) volume. They were much complicated by the existence of one Hilda Penrose, the brain-sick daughter of a poverty-stricken clergyman, who had the misfortunes to be a fairish minor poet—two of her masterpieces are set out *in extenso*, and impress us far less than they did her acquaintances—and to be disfigured by a "birth-mark" covering one side of her face. She thought proper, upon little or no provocation, to fall absurdly and desperately in love with Rutherford, and nothing would persuade Betty that Rutherford did not reciprocate her affection. When he married Betty, Hilda incontinently married a snobbish little clerk, whom she detested, because she "wanted to commit suicide," and that seemed as good a way as another of doing it. At last, however, Hilda went mad, and really did commit suicide, though whether by cutting her throat or by turning on the gas and sucking the pipe is not quite clear; and thereafter all went well. It is a more cheerful and interesting story, perhaps, than the above somewhat bald summary would seem to indicate, and Miss Cambridge tells it in sufficiently good English, and with a humour and spirit that are highly to be commended.

Of the four short stories constituting the volume which Mrs. Henniker entitles *Outlines*, two are good—one, we think, very good—and two not so good. The good ones are the last, "A Sustained Illusion," and the first, "A Statesman's Love-Lapse." They are told with considerable romantic power, and a good deal of what is called, in the slang of yesterday or the day before, reserved force. Also, they are well written, and while their themes are melancholy, they are illumined by flashes of rather a bright wit. Perhaps the prattle of the statesman's children is more true to life than exceptionally sparkling, but the love troubles of his private secretary are effectively, though very briefly, indicated. It is in the nature of burlesque, and by no means badly done. The "Sustained Illusion" is coherent, and uniformly pathetic. Considering how very cheap cheap pathos is, it is a feather in Mrs. Henniker's cap to have escaped it, and she may be congratulated on an excellent piece of work. The two other stories which complete the volume would do sufficiently well in a rather light magazine, but deserve no higher praise.

That prolific author, Mr. Manville Fenn, has produced in *The Tiger Lily*, not a "shilling shocker," but an unmitigated "penny dreadful." A beautiful, wicked aristocrat, married to the Conte Dellatoria, and indifferently addressed in the highest circles as "Contessa" and "Lady Dellatoria," and a pure, sweet, and very dowdy American girl, with the odd name of Cornel Thorpe, both loved Armstrong Dale, an American artist of the utmost genius. Each, by characteristic methods, but with absolute unreserve and unflinching resolution, asserted her claims to his affection. The redeeming feature of the story is where he is at a loss for a model for the figure of a nude Juno in his immortal work, and one of the ladies comes unawares in the guise of a professional model, and poses for him with her head in a bag. The distracted young man loved them both, but each better when the other was not pervading his studio, as they generally both were. An intolerable and impossible friend of his, a big, rough, bearded artist, of still greater genius than his own, but unsuccessful, named Joe Pacey, was naturally Cornel's ally, and there can never be any possible doubt in the reader's mind as to which love-sick female he ought to put his money on. The story abounds in solecisms and absurdities, and the whole thing is scullery-maid's clap-net, an almost infinite distance beneath contempt. This seems a great pity, because in his own line, and when he gives his mind to it, Mr. Fenn can be entertaining.

We are quite ready to take Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's word for it, as uttered on his title-page, that he is the translator, or a translator, of *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*, but we cannot understand how, after such an opportunity of seeing what fiction can be, he can have perpetrated *Not Angels Quite*. It is the immeasurably stupid record of a few of the adventures of three or four young Americans, whose gloomy vulgarity it might indeed be possible to match, if the population of the United States were searched for the purpose, but whose unrelieved unattractiveness could probably not be paralleled in reality, save by the suppression of some kind of redeeming qualities. The book is thinly padded with such humorous fragments as an allusion to an irrelevant lady who "was extravagantly fond of currant jelly, but it sometimes strangled her," but they are not enough in quantity to lighten its profound and monotonous dullness, even for anybody whom they might amuse. We seem to perceive a bad imitation of the worst parts of Count Tolstoi in meticulously precise accounts of inexpressibly trivial tea-parties at which nothing happened, and every here and there are set out in full more or less enormous and execrably bad ballads which somebody wrote or sang or said. Altogether it is a dreadful book, and a merciful oblivion is the happiest fate for which its author can dare to hope.

MIDDLE TEMPLE TABLE TATTLE.

Middle Temple Table Talk. By W. G. THORPE, Esq., F.S.A., a Barrister of the Society, Author of "The Still Life of the Middle Temple." London: Hutchinson & Co. 1894.

WE have some recollection of explaining to Mr. W. G. Thorpe on a former occasion that his manner of writing gossip or reminiscences was open to grave objections. It does not seem to have done him any good. There have of late years been published a good many books of reminiscences, and such-like, as tiresome and as unedifying as his, but probably none in which the precept of the Church Catechism on the subject of "keeping the tongue" has been more flagrantly or shamefully disregarded. With such disregard, indeed, he does not wholly busy himself. The Treasurer of his Inn had the opportunity of refusing permission to Mr. Thorpe to examine documents belonging to that Inn with the object of proving that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, and very properly availed himself of it. Arguments upon the congenial topic just mentioned occupy about one-sixth part of the volume, and form, if not the least silly, decidedly the least offensive part of it.

Censures such as these upon an author's conduct should not be published without justification, and we propose to justify them by a certain number of quotations from Mr. Thorpe's work. In giving specimens of his manner of referring to distinguished persons deceased within living memory we select those whose reputations are entirely beyond Mr. Thorpe's reach, and with regard to whom we trust that their surviving relations and friends will be less annoyed by the further publicity thus given to Mr. Thorpe's publications than gratified by the light the selection will throw upon the character of Mr. Thorpe. This is how he thinks it desirable to write of Lord and Lady Beaconsfield:—

'By D'Orsay's advice he [Disraeli] had married a rich vulgar widow, twice his age. Originally a milkmaid who had rebuffed an elderly admirer until he worked himself up to

matrimony, she led her second "venture" a terrible life until he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852.

Dean Stanley, he tells us,

'came out strongly in public funerals, and thoroughly rollicked in them; doing his part, for so small-sized a man, with great impressiveness. This was especially the case with Livingstone's funeral, which I saw; but he would have done the same had grim Death given him the chance of performing the funeral rites of any other notoriety, let us say General Tom Thumb or the Two-headed Nightingale, while the interment of the Siamese Twins would have called forth all his resources.'

'For consider the points to be made upon them in the next Sunday's sermon.'

Which Mr. Thorpe proceeds to do in his best comic vein, and with infinite gusto. The following paragraphs are devoted to a late Lord Chief Justice and one of his colleagues of the Common Pleas:—

'When the Windbag Terror, whose bounce had crushed thousands, and whose assurance enabled him to demand and even obtain the Grand Cross of the Bath, for his lamentable collapse at the Geneva *Alabama* arbitration, before minds of only ordinary calibre (how would he have fared against Daniel Webster?)—when that short stumpy personality was put upon a shelf at Kensal Green, the remark was made, "Well, he can't swear at anybody now!" and this, with the total omission of any feeling of loss after his decease, must be the epitaph of a man only remembered when he was present by his perpetual push, and never thought of afterwards.'

'Of his co-temporary, Chief Justice Bovill, the same may be said. Getting into notice by defending some patents of his father's, a millwright, pushed into Parliament, and kept there by his wife's skilful and perpetual canvas of Guildford tradesmen, claiming his reluctantly granted Chiefship by virtue of being the then Solicitor-General, over the heads of countless better men, he made no mark in his life, and dropped out of it unnoticed.'

Mr. Thorpe also relates at great length an offensive version of scandals about Bishop Sumner of Winchester, which were silly, false, notorious, and stale fifty years ago, and have not improved by keeping. He relates anecdotes as true and appropriate as the extracts given above, and told with the same inimitable grace, about Archbishop Thomson of York; and, as he would say himself, "thoroughly rollicks in" a description of the personal appearance, in the last stage of senile imbecility, of a very distinguished man, dead these many years, but known by name to every one, of whom he considers himself to have been the friend. His style, though not sufficiently remarkable to be worthy of his matter, is clumsy, illiterate, and common; his statements of fact are frequently incorrect, and he might very well stand for the type, approached more or less nearly by other persons, but never before so fully achieved, of the would-be literary ghoul.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Les abîmes. Par E. A. MARTEL. Paris: Delagrave.

Le Maroc d'aujourd'hui, d'hier et de demain. Par ARTHUR DE GANNIERS. Paris: Jouvot.

Napoléon. Par MARIUS SÉPET. Paris: Perrin.

NEWSPAPERS and magazine articles have already given some information to geologists and to the public generally of the curious and interesting work which M. Martel—an amateur with enthusiasm to employ his means, and means to serve his enthusiasm—has for some six or seven years been carrying out in the exploration of the caverns and "holes" (as the homely English word goes) of the great limestone district of South Central France. In the Peak and the Ingleborough district of Yorkshire, as well as in some other places, we have, of course, instances of the same phenomena in England which have been known for centuries; and at Adelsberg and other places abroad caves have long been famous and are on a gigantic scale. But it would seem that, in number, variety, and in some kinds of peculiarity, the great *causses* or limestone deserts of the Cévennes and their neighbourhood will bear comparison with any other region in this respect. M. Martel has borrowed, as a typical example to illustrate his subject, a photograph of the famous Weathercote Cave in Yorkshire; but his own explorations, though not confined to France, have naturally been carried out chiefly in his own country.

The book in which he gives account of them is a splendid one, and almost suggests a very early *livre d'étrennes* by the beauty and number of its illustrations. M. Martel begins with an ex-

trremely business-like account of his apparatus, which is of the most elaborate description, and has enabled him in some cases to explore holes nearly five hundred feet deep. The most important point of his system seems to be that the pioneer who descends does not depend merely on the rope-ladder, nor merely on the rope and crossbar-seat, but combines the two. And this seems to have been carried out so carefully that on only one occasion (when some clumsy assistants substituted a running noose for the proper breast-sling, and thereby all but strangled their man) did any accident happen. The other equipments of the subterranean diver are also numerous, and range from collapsible boats on the great scale to the invariable telephone on the small. Indeed, nothing seems to have facilitated this kind of exploration so much as the telephone, which substitutes direct and easy communication of the wants of the adventurer for vague signals, such as shaking the rope.

With these assistances, and often with a very considerable staff of assistants, M. Martel seems to have, for several seasons past, camped out on the desolate hillsides, plumbing and descending the *avens* or potholes, exploring the intricacies of the great limestone grottos, tracing stalactite caves and subterranean rivers, and constantly hunting, and sometimes discovering, the secret of such watery phenomena as the Vaucluse fountain. His "finds," of course, were very various. Sometimes, after a long and perilous descent, he would discover nothing but a clayey bottom covered with the bones of unlucky sheep, not excluding their shepherds. Sometimes he would drop into a pool, either with no visible outlet or one which, as he once mournfully records, "it would take a fox to follow." But often he would find, branching off here and there, stalactite caverns of unsuspected and lonely splendour, and sometimes he would come upon labyrinths of grotto, and lake, and rock, and tunnel, quite up to the requirements of the most exacting romance. Of the first class of his subjects, the yawning pit of the Rabanel may serve as a specimen; of the second, the great cavern-cluster of the Bramabiau. But we naturally can give here but a general idea of the contents of a large quarto of some six hundred pages. M. Martel has indulged in no bookmaking; but he has not disdained human touches, such as the usual remark of the local old woman in Provençal patois, "Look at the fools! They'll get down; but see if they come up!" Besides the illustrations of the ordinary type, there are most careful diagrams of the caves and holes, in section and otherwise; so that altogether this may deserve the credit of being one of the best books of semi-popular geology issued for a long time.

We do not observe much trace of, or (to be fair) much pretension to, direct knowledge of his subject in M. A. de Ganniers's book on Morocco. It is illustrated, not badly, but with illustrations possessing no very distinct connexion with the letter-press, and it appears to be compiled from books and newspapers in a way which is not altogether useless. But in the main it is a more or less fervent appeal to France not to let that wicked England, or that overbearing Germany, or that effete Spain, keep her out of Morocco. M. de Ganniers quotes with glee the legend of the way in which Soult met English protest in the matter of Algiers. He forgets that the story has two morals. He thinks it says "Do it again" to France; but it also says "Don't stand it again" to England.

We have not seen a more curious instance of the Napoleonic craze which has recently rolled over France, and to which we were among the first to draw attention in England, than M. Marius Sépet's little book. In fact, it is a sort of running commentary on the other books, little and big, which the craze has produced. Those who, like ourselves, hold that nothing recently published, or likely to be published, will alter the estimate of Napoleon open long ago to any tolerably impartial historical student of brains, will hardly expect to find anything new here. But it is amusing to find M. Sépet characterizing the sins of England at St. Helena in the delightfully double-edged sentence:—"Il faut pourtant reconnaître que ces mauvais traitements, d'ailleurs inexcusables, Napoléon semble s'être complu quelquefois à les provoquer." The historical student speaks in the bulk of the sentence; the cautious patriot reveals himself in the "d'ailleurs inexcusables" and the "quelquefois." The truth is that the researches of M. Firmin-Didot, noticed here not long ago, but probably published too late for M. Sépet's knowledge, disposed of all pretence of tyranny towards the prisoner of St. Helena. We are glad to see that M. Sépet puts in a word for Louis XVIII.—not a high-minded person, but one who played a very difficult part with judgment, and even latterly with honour.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE sanitary aspects of water-supply have been completely revolutionized of late years owing to the researches of Bacteriologists. There was little suspicion of bacteria in water, whether pathogenic or harmless, during the last cholera epidemic in London some thirty years ago, when some one not inaptly described the water-supply as dear and dirty. Dear it may still be, but dirty, from the hygienic point of view, it cannot fairly be said to be. The experiments of Pasteur and others, and the subsequent discoveries announced by Koch, acted immediately as powerful incitements to investigation, and made the Bacteriology of Water an important field of study and experiment. The record of results is treated in compendious form in *Micro-Organisms in Water*, by Dr. PERCY FRANKLAND and Mrs. PERCY FRANKLAND (Longmans & Co.), a work especially designed for the use of engineers, medical officers of health, and other persons connected with the hygienic aspects of water-supply. The literature of the subject, as Dr. Frankland observes, is so extensive, and scattered through so many books, English and foreign, that a connected account of what has been done, and of the methods employed, might be serviceable to all concerned. The present work is, therefore, to some extent a history of investigations into the nature of bacteria in water. It reviews, in the first place, the progress of bacteriological study, and its methods as applied to the examination of water; it deals with the results of those methods in connexion with different kinds of water, and describes concisely some two hundred micro-organisms hitherto ascertained to be found in water. It may allay the water-drinker's fears to know that this formidable catalogue is valuable rather than alarming. It will assist the scientific student in identifying the various, and to the non-scientific eye bewildering, bacterial forms to be found in natural waters. Magnified a thousand times or so, as in the illustrations to this volume, these organisms might easily disturb the teetotaler's equanimity. A nervous person might associate the so-called "flagella" of the typhoid bacillus figured on p. 289 with the scourge of typhoid, though they are but the locomotive organs of the poor creature. Imagination had much to do with the public excitement caused by Professor Koch. It was a small matter to know that two diseases at least—namely, cholera and typhoid fever—were directly propagated by water-drinking, so long as there was no knowledge of a visible—i.e. a microscopically visible—cause. But Koch's cholera bacillus and typhoid bacillus endowed the vague element with definite forms. His "comma," in fact, threatened to prove a period. It is surprising that so many observers, as Dr. Frankland shows, have detected one or the other of these terrible organisms in drinking-water. Fortunately their vitality does not seem to be considerable, and the few pathogenic organisms that may exist in natural waters are accompanied by what is described as "an overwhelming majority of harmless forms." These, indeed, are found in ice, snow, hail, and every kind of water. Dr. Frankland gives some very interesting statistics on this subject, showing the bacterial contents of river waters and other sources of supply in England and on the Continent, and illustrating the admirable results of modern systems of filtration adopted by the London Companies. In their opening chapters the authors deal with such technical matters as the sterilization of apparatus and materials, and the preparation of culture media; in their final chapter they treat of the action of sunlight, or of diffused light, on bacteria, in natural or cultivated conditions, as demonstrated by Messrs. Downes and Blunt, and other experimenters.

The Water Supply of Towns and the Construction of Water-works, by W. K. BURTON, Assoc. M.I.C.E. (Crosby Lockwood & Son), is an engineering treatise of a thoroughly practical nature, and extremely well illustrated by plans and diagrams. It would be impossible, the author remarks, even were it desirable, to write on such a subject without reference to what has already been written, and he has freely drawn upon the writings of Mr. Humber, Mr. Fanning, and other authorities. Mr. Burton's work, however, shows in all its sections the fruit of independent study and individual experience. It is largely based upon his own practice in the branch of engineering of which it treats, and with such a basis a treatise can scarcely fail to be suggestive and useful. The whole art of waterworks construction is dealt with in a clear and comprehensive fashion in this handsome volume. A paper contributed by Professor John Milne on the effects of earthquakes on waterworks will interest engineers who may have to undertake works in countries where such shocks are common. In Japan, where Mr. Burton has been engaged, the engineer cannot afford to ignore this matter, and Mr. Burton appends some interesting notes on the subject.

Corea of To-day (Nelson & Sons) is a readable little book, containing a vivid description of the land and the people of Corea, extracted from Mr. G. W. GILMORE's book, *Corea from its Capital*, with some additional matter bearing on the present crisis. The illustrations are good, and the map, though small, useful.

Mr. JOHN JACOB ASTOR's "romance of the future," *A Journey in other Worlds* (Longmans & Co.), is a courageous attempt to better the example of M. Jules Verne. Romancers have advanced far since the slow old days of Hans Pfaal. Poe's delightful Dutchman sailed in a balloon and made a modest voyage to the moon. No small amount of the ingenuity of his humorous recital is expended on the problem of overcoming the law of gravitation. Mr. Astor's method is Vernelike altogether. He invents a new force called "apergy," and starts the Terrestrial Axis Straightening Company, and carries us to the planets Jupiter and Saturn in the wondrous aerial ship the "Callisto." Which is the more specious method the imaginative reader must decide. The address of the President of the Company and the historical sketch by "Professor Cortlandt, United States Government expert," are sufficiently stirring, we must admit, to turn the heads of "scientists" and raise any amount of capital for the enterprise. "Blessed are they that shall inherit the earth" is the President's new reading of the Scripture, and in a burst of eloquent conviction he adds:—"Never in the history of the world has man reared so splendid a monument of his own genius as he will in straightening the axis of the planet." It will be seen that the President does his "blowing" with excellent good will. After all, the doing away with the seasons may seem to some no very mighty or desirable object. However, the account of the voyage of the trim air-ship to Jupiter and Saturn is entertaining, and Mr. Dan Beard's illustrations of the Jovian fauna—dragons and dinosaurs—and the rest, consort admirably with the wondrous text.

The Wedding Garment, by LOUIS PENDLETON (Boston: Roberts), is "a Tale of the Life to Come," and a more mawkish production, if that were possible, than *The Gates Ajar*, and other examples of its literary kindred. In this story, as the *Harford Press* remarks of *Life in Heaven*, another American story of the "future life," "the dangerous delusion that we shall be totally changed in heaven is forcibly opposed." A young man is supposed to die, and finds himself in the spirit-world, which is a solid world in all ways, peopled by very vulgar people, and lecturers, and other plagues of the earth. He strikes a small stone with his toe and sends it rolling; and, having made this ancient demonstration of the existence of matter, asks his spiritual companion if it is not stone that he has touched. The reply is that the stone is a stone, but not a stone of the material world. "It is a part of the eternal substance of the spiritual world, from which the matter of the natural world exists as a mere outbirth or covering." The book is full of this kind of jargon. It is not an amusing book.

ALFRED HEDENSTJERNA'S *Swedish Idylls*, translated by EDITH WALTHAM (Leipzig: Haessel), might have been more carefully revised, there being no reasons why a book printed in Germany should be so oddly punctuated. "Dear me, Mr. Bergmann, what are you doing there?" "I nothing your ladyship." Again, we find at p. 41 the following strange economy of commas:—"Are you ill Mr. Lindahl?" "Our little Gussy is dying station master." These slight and simple stories, however, are prettily told, and in not a few the pathetic element is treated with admirable art.

The Story of John Coles, by M. E. KENYON (Digby, Long, & Co.), is most naively told, and composed of unconscious absurdities. John Coles is a blameless youth with a "parchment character." Tom Stokes, with no character to speak of, murders Coles, possesses himself of the parchment, and enters the service of a country parson as the true John Coles. The wooings and widowings of this parson are set forth with remorseless superfluity. Tom Stokes takes to burgling, carries off on false pretences the belle of the village, and in course of time is terribly haunted in his dreams by the ghost of the late John Coles. In the meanwhile, another death occurs in the parson's family, the infant son and heir falling a victim to a yellow-eyed dog. He is discovered by the nurse "on the ground before the kennel, his curly head literally in the huge dog's mouth." This incident, like the rest of the fatuous story, is intended, no doubt, to draw tears to the reader's eyes, though it is bathos, not pathos, that prevails.

The Dolly Dialogues, by ANTHONY HOPE, reprinted from the *Westminster Gazette*, are as clever and entertaining as anything of the kind in the author's novels, and no reader of *Mr. Wilt's Widow* needs to be reminded that Mr. Hope is a master of the art of dialogue. The humour, like the cynicism, of the book is admirable for refinement. Perhaps the good things of the dia-

logues are too liberally accorded to all the speakers involved, and occasionally we are reminded of a contest of wits in some old comedy. But the tone is well sustained throughout, and completely modern, and the effect is altogether brilliant.

In *Naughty Mrs. Gordon* (White & Co.), "RITA" sketches the career of a fair adventuress, a lady with a "past," blessed with a "riante mischievous face" and "gleaming topaz eyes," and a charming, dove-like, innocent aspect. This fair enchantress holds her own in "Society," and a vulgar society it is, if Rita's sketch of "Society 'at home'" is a true picture. In the end "naughty Mrs. Gordon" makes an easy conquest of a peer of the realm, and triumphs gloriously.

The Gentlewoman's Book of Dress, by Mrs. DOUGLAS (Henry & Co.), is marked by a generous treatment of a subject that is not always generously treated by writers. Mrs. Douglas is not given to pronouncing dogmas. Her views are admirably reasonable, and free from the narrowness which some who would pose as expert authorities are compelled to adopt. It is refreshing to find "rational dress" treated rationally, as in this pleasant volume. "Dress in the Country," "Dress at Home," "Dress in Town," "The Hygiene of Dress," are some of the subjects which Mrs. Douglas deals with in a sensible and suggestive spirit.

Under the title *The First Technical College* (Chapman & Hall) Mr. HUMBOLDT SEXTON gives an interesting sketch of Anderson's Institution, Glasgow, founded in 1796, with a memoir of John Anderson, the founder, and Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. The influence of the "Andersonian," as it was called, has been very considerable, as Mr. Sexton's history shows, and well deserves the literary commemoration it receives in the book before us.

All who would know how great and how varied were the privileges of women in olden times may consult *British Freewomen*, by CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), wherein the statistics and precedents of the Free British Woman in the historic past may be found collected and analysed. Armed with this book, speakers for "Women's Rights" might make many an effective appeal to the historic sense of the audience, and show how fields were won by Black Agnes of Dunbar, the Countess of Derby, and Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, not to name other early champions of oppressed woman.

We have also received a new edition of Mr. ROWLAND WARD'S *Sportsman's Handbook* (Rowland Ward & Co.); *Verse-musings*, by JOHN OWEN (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), enlarged re-issue; *Notes for Boys and their Fathers*, by AN OLD BOY (Elliot Stock); *Socialism or Protection?* by M. H. (Leadenhall Press); *Library Classification*, by W. J. FLETCHER, A.M. (Boston: Roberts); *Transactions of the Institute of Naval Architects*, edited by GEORGE HOLMES, Vol. XXXV. (Sotheran & Co.); *Philosophical Remains of George Croom Robertson*, edited by ALEXANDER BAIN, LL.D., and J. WHITTAKER (Williams & Norgate); *The Friendship of Nature*, by MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT (Macmillan & Co.); *The Next Naval War*, by Captain S. EARDLEY WILMOT, R.N. (Stanford); *No Heroes*, by BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD (Gay & Bird); *The Torch-bearers*, by ARLO BATES (Boston: Roberts); *Stay-at-home Husbands*, by One of Themselves (Gay & Bird); *Have ye Read It? Look Sharp!* by Mrs. R. W. WOODS (Leadenhall Press); *The Helter-Skelter Hounds*, by G. F. UNDERHILL (Chapman & Hall); *Dagonet on our Islands*, by G. R. SIMS (Fisher Unwin); *Cynicus: his Humour and Satire* (Simpkin & Co.); *Our Discordant Life*, by ADAM D'HÉRISTAL (Digby, Long, & Co.); *The Book of the Fair*, Part XVII. (Chicago: Bancroft Company); and *Chats on Invention*, by JOHN MARTIN, reprinted from *Invention*, an illustrated Review of Industrial Progress.

We beg leave to state that we cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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